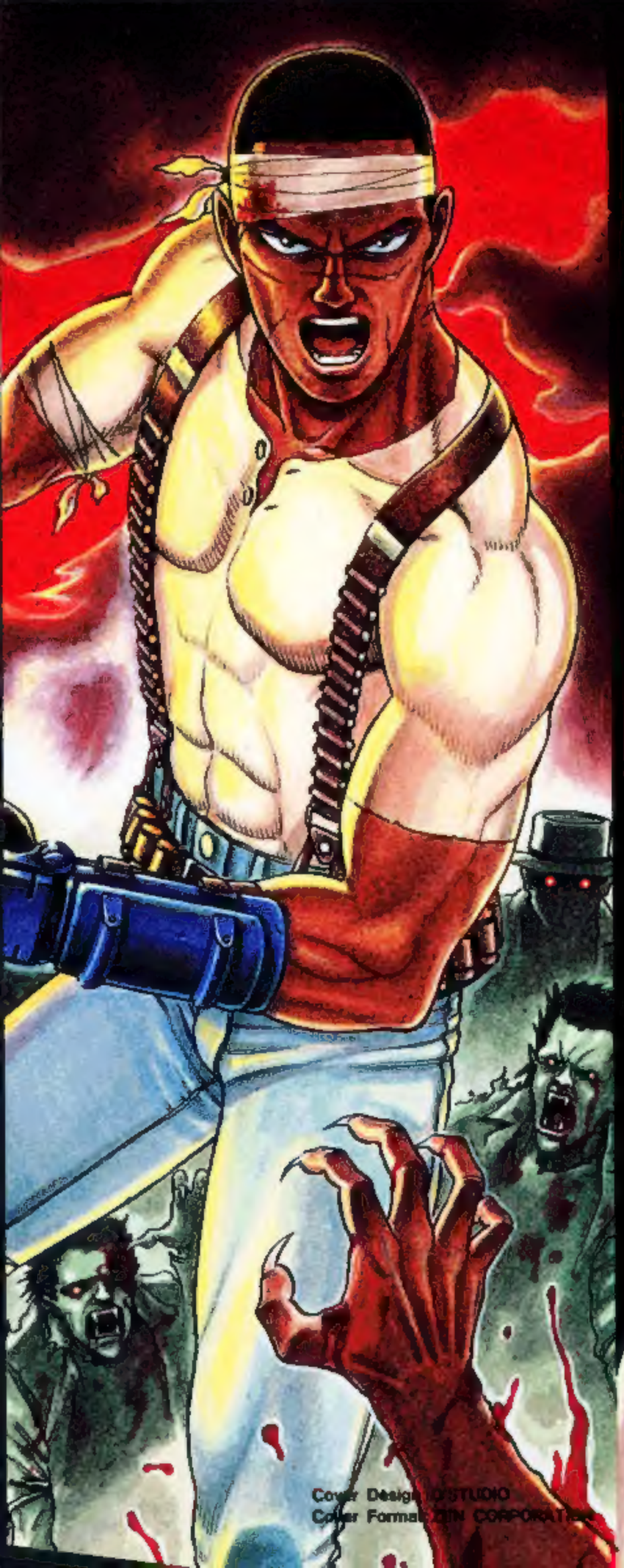

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JETS COMICS

ブラッドバス

VOL 3

WAZARAI 技来静也 SHIZUYA

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JETS COMICS

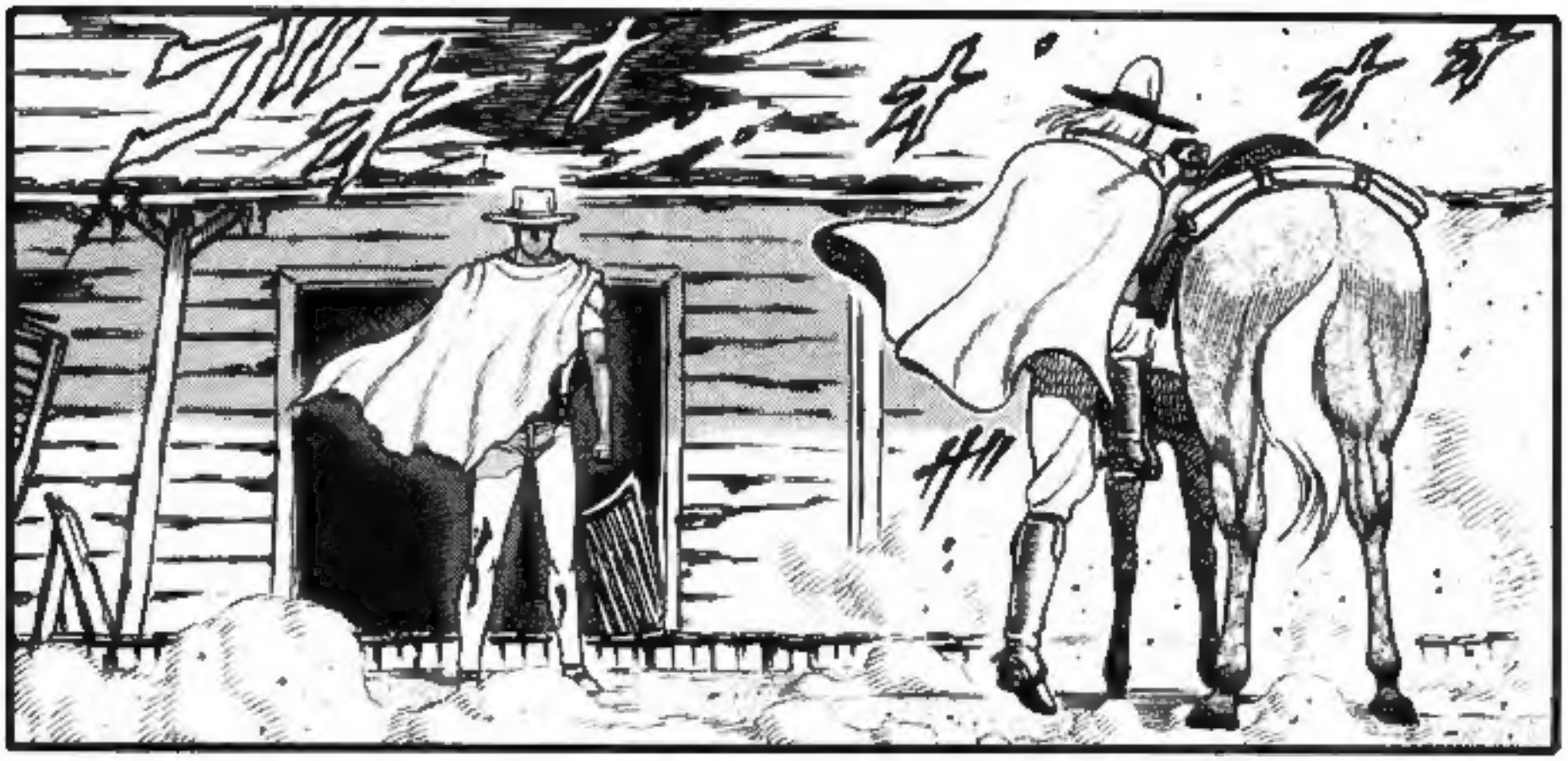
EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH06

ALEX MACGREGOR!!

ALEX...

HOWDY.

VICTOR



BEEN A LONG TIME.
AND NOW DON'T YOU LOOK WELL?

THAT AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT
AN OLD COMPADRE WHO CAME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE JUST TO SEE YOU.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

YOU SURE DON'T HAVE A CIVIL TONGUE.

TCH.

BULLSHIT.

YOU HAVEN'T GROWN UP AT ALL, HAVE YOU...

I'VE NEVER HAD A COMPADRE.

I'M REAL SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T COME AWAY UNSCATHED.

WELL... I DIDN'T THINK THEY EVEN HAD A CHANCE OF TAKING YOU DOWN THOUGH.

LOOKS LIKE YOU TOOK OUT THE SMALL FRIES.

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.

HAVE YOU GOTTEN RUSTY?

I DIDN'T GET TO SEE IT 'CAUSE I WAS LATE GETTING HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR!?

ALEX, ANSWER MY QUESTION.

YOU COULDN'T BE HERE FOR THAT.

I DOUBT YOU'RE HERE FOR THE BOUNTY ON MY HEAD.

....
....
....

HM?

KEEP GUESSING.

WHY DO YOU THINK I'M HERE?

HEHEH ... I WONDER.

YOU'RE RIGHT, I CERTAINLY DON'T NEED THE MONEY.

HAH...

WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT?

THOSE TWO... KNOW EACH OTHER!?

WHY WON'T THEY FIGHT!?

THEY'RE CHECKING THE RANGE BETWEEN THEM AND KEEPING EACH OTHER IN SILENT CHECK!!

I SEE...!!

THEY'VE...

ALREADY BEGUN.

I THINK NOT.

I'M HERE SO WE MAY AS WELL HAVE SOME FUN.

MACGREGOR IS ON A DIFFERENT LEVEL THAN THE OTHER HUNTERS.

NO ONE BUT HIM COULD...

I WON'T LET ANYONE GET IN MY WAY.

BACK OFF, ALEX!!

HEY NOW, NO NEED TO GLARE.

YOUR NORMAL FACE IS BAD ENOUGH AS IT IS.

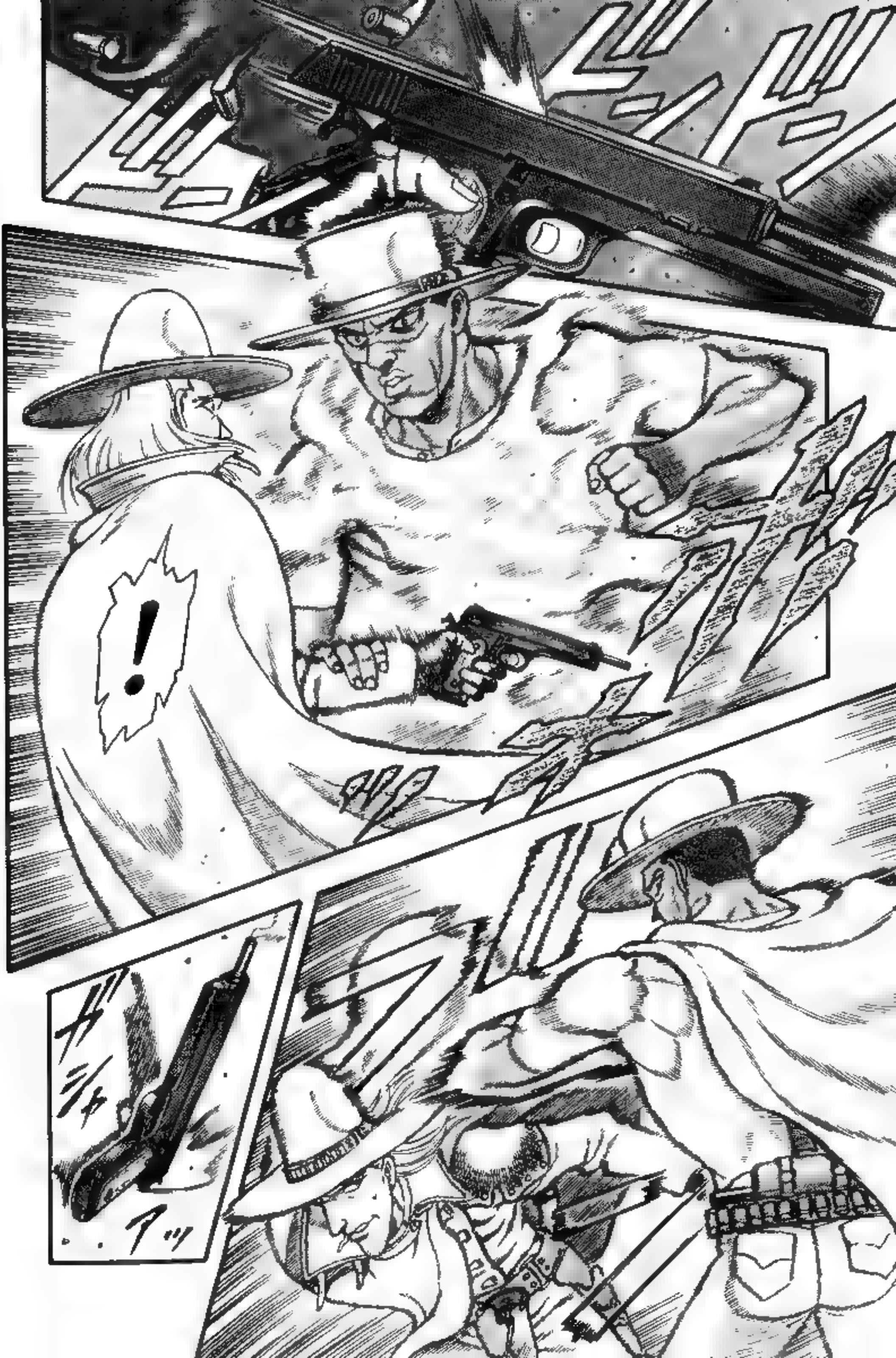
TOO EASY, VICTOR...

YOUR FISTS CAN'T REACH ME AT THIS RANGE!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT

THIS AIN'T THE KIND OF MAN I CAN FIGHT WHILE COVERING MY WOUNDS.

TCH.



WHAT A BASTARD!! HE CLOSED THE GAP BETWEEN US IN AN INSTANT!!

HIS REACTIONS ARE QUICK LIKE I EXPECTED.

I CAN'T JUST CARELESSLY JUMP IN

STOP HOPPING AROUND...!!

SH.

SHIT!!

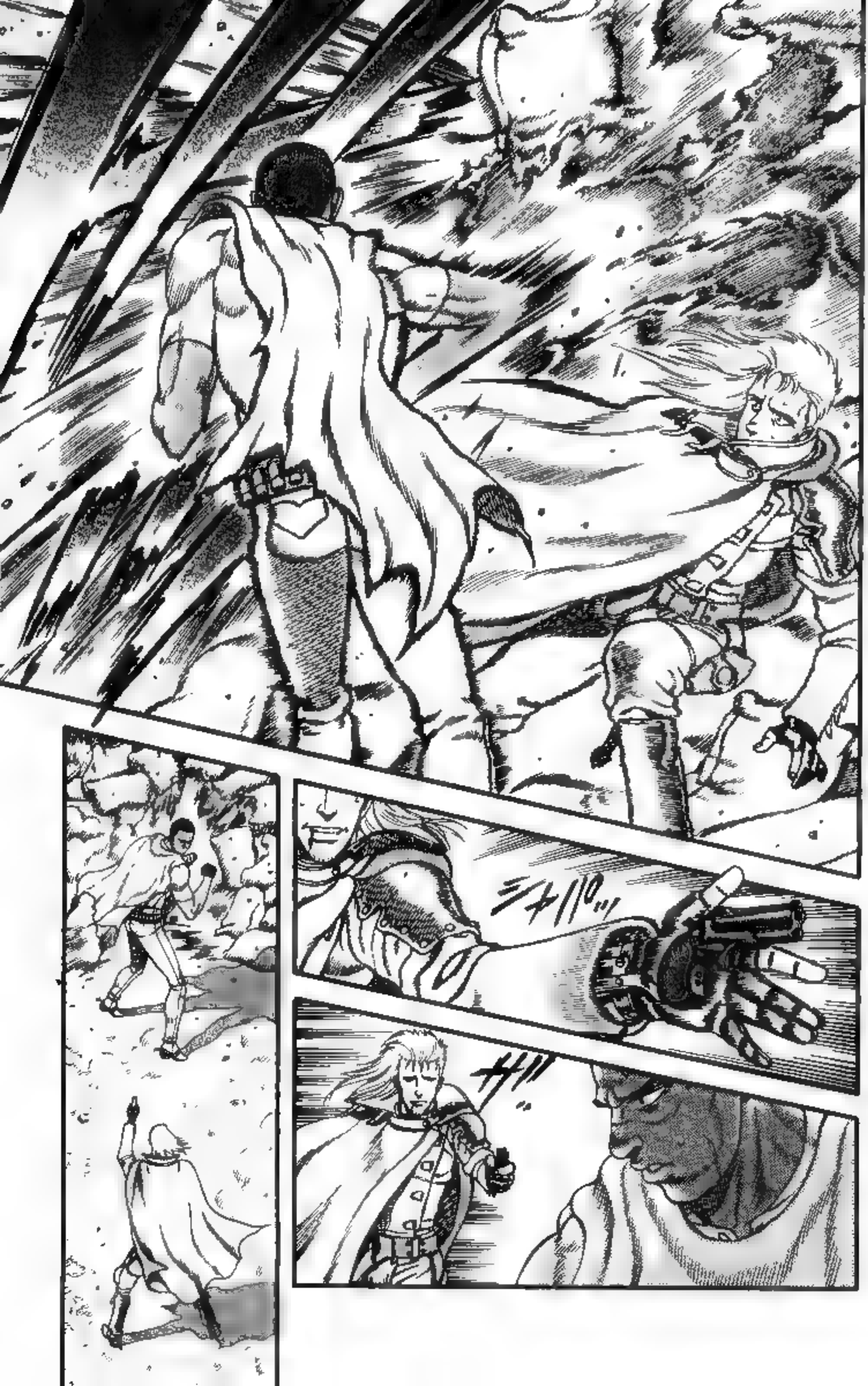
!?

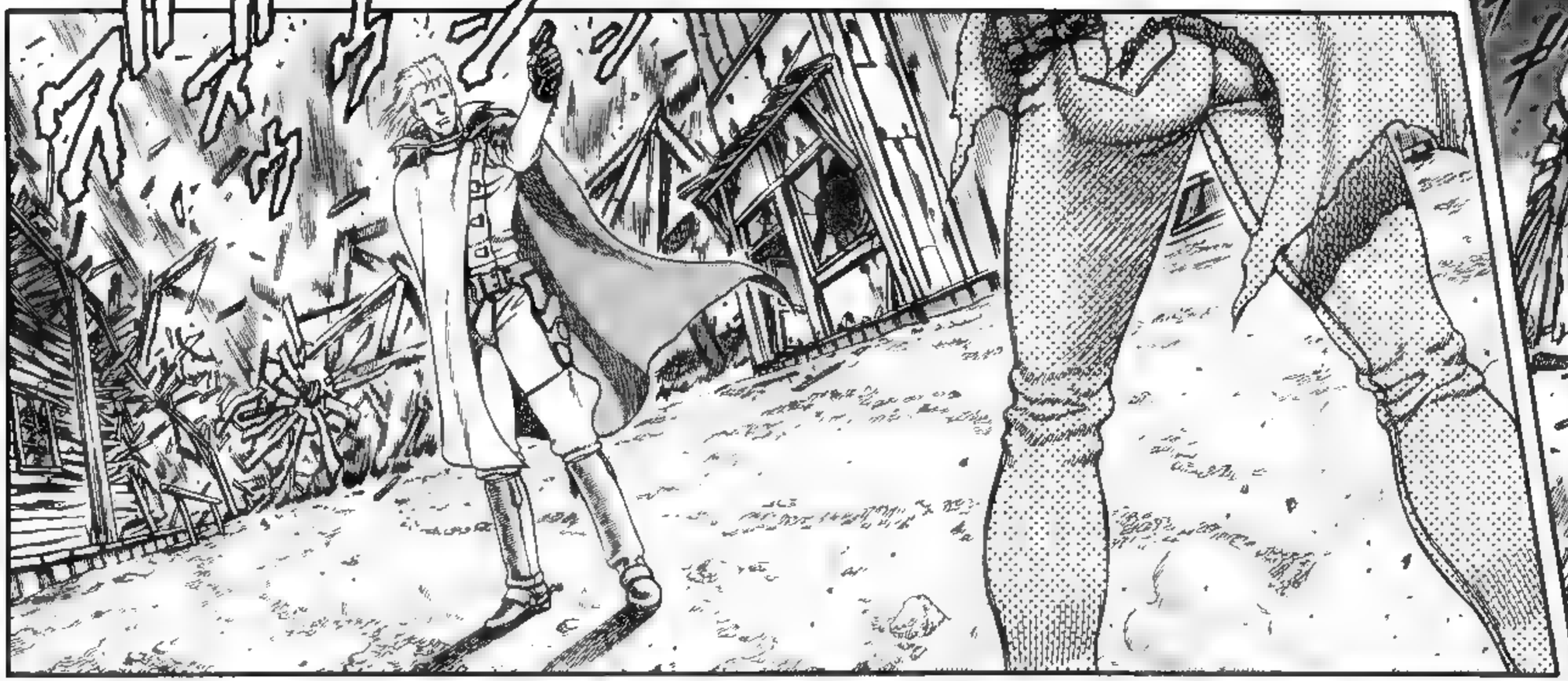
WHAT!!?

WHAT WAS THAT RESISTANCE...

GUH-FAH.

!!





YOU STILL WANNA GO?

YOU THINK YOU CAN KILL ME WITH THAT TINY GUN?

NOT TOO BAD, VICTOR.

YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE TO DODGE MY FIRST SHOT.

THEY'RE SO DISCIPLINED!!

JUST WHO IN THE WORLD... ARE THESE TWO!!?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

HEHEH ...

I SEE, SO...

HE'S GOT SOMETHING HIDDEN IN HIS RIGHT.

WE COULD EVEN CALL IT MY "LAST RESORT".

MY TRUMP CARD IS SAVED FOR THE END...

WHAT'S GOING ON!?

THERE'S ...

THE BOSS SAID THERE'D ONLY BE THE ONE BLACK MAN.

YOU'RE LOOKING KIND OF PALE.

WHAT'S WRONG, VICTOR?

COME AND GET ME, BOXER.

INTER-MISSION'S OVER.

THEY WON'T STOP BLEEDING.

I PUSHED MY LEGS TOO FAR IN THAT FIRST STEP IN.

THIS ISN'T GOOD...

WE GOT SOME UNEXPECTED SUCKERS TO NIBBLE ON.

HEHEHEH.. LOOKS LIKE

-EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CHOG THE END.-

EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH07

COME, VICTOR.

I CAN'T GET IN A STALEMATE!!

OR DO YOUR LEGS HURT!?

IF I DON'T HURRY THIS ALONG I'LL BE AT A DISADVANTAGE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IN THIS DUEL...!!

MY LEGS ARE STARTING TO GO NUMB BECAUSE OF THE BLEEDING.

I CAN IGNORE THE PAIN, BUT...!

I'VE GOT ONE SHOT TO FINISH THIS!!!

HERE HE COMES!!!

!!

28

TOSCA.

HEY, HEY...

GAHH.

I'M A BOUNTY HUNTER, TOO!

I CAN DO MY PART.

DON'T LOOK DOWN ON ME...

OR UNDERESTIMATE ME, YOU MURDERER!!

MAC-GREGOR, DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!!

OH NO.

...OH,

!

!?

WHAT'S WRONG!?

WHY AREN'T YOU CHASING HIM!?

I MANAGED TO BLUFF IT,

BUT I'M BARELY ABLE TO STAND...

YEAH RIGHT...

THAT IT HURT MORE THAN WHEN I GOT KICKED BY A HORSE.

HE HIT ME SO HARD

I'M SORRY, SHERIFF. I

I LIED..

LOWER YOUR GUN, TOSCA.

HE'S ALREADY GOTTEN AWAY

IF WE'D KEPT FIGHTING WE'D HAVE KILLED EACH OTHER AT BEST.

NOT ONCE...

I'VE REALLY NEVER SHOT ANYONE BEFORE...

SHERIFF

... I JUST NEEDED THE MONEY...

I WANTED TO DO THIS EVEN IF IT MEANT LYING.

... BUT I GOT SCARED AND COULDN'T...

I CAN'T SHOOT LIKE I'M HITTING A TARGET...

CAN Y'ALL WALK?

HOW'S EVERYONE?

SALABOR'S ALREADY DEAD.

HIS FACE IS CRUSHED IN LIKE HE WAS HIT BY A HAMMER...

BUT DOUGLAS AND NIELSEN'S CHINS ARE BROKEN.

WE'RE NOT BAD OFF...

WE SHOULD GET THEM TO A DOCTOR QUICK...

WE'VE BEEN COMPLETELY BEATEN.

A WANTED MAN SHOWED US COMPASSION.

IF HE'D WANTED TO, HE COULDA KILLED US ALL THE SAME WAY.

THE BLACK MAN, VICTOR FREEMAN.

DID GOOD RUNNING AND HIDING.

WE CAN'T TAKE HIM LIGHTLY.

TO THINK HE COULD EVEN ESCAPE *OUR* EYES...

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

HEH, AND AS FOR ME...

I'M SO PATHETIC.

I COULD CRY.

IT'S OUR DUTY TO REPORT BACK.

WE'RE JUST HERE TO SPY FOR HIM.

HE'S GOT SOMETHING IN MIND.

IT SEEMS THE BOSS IS GONNA CALL FOR HIM...

WHY'S THE BOSS SO INTERESTED IN HIM...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

JUST HOW STRONG OF A MAN IS VICTOR FREEMAN!?

HMPH. THERE'S A MAN WITH INTEGRITY...

BUT NOT ME.

I'M GOING BACK.

DO WHATEVER.

I'LL DEAL WITH IT MYSELF.

THIS AIN'T SOMETHING FOR THE BOSS TO DEAL WITH.

THE BOSS WON'T MIND.

GO AHEAD AND EAT THOSE BOUNTY HUNTERS.

HEH ...

THEN WE'LL

HEY

TOSCA.

WHY DO YOU NEED THE MONEY?

BUT LAST YEAR THE CROPS FAILED BADLY.

WE MANAGED TO GET BY AFTER MY FATHER DIED SOMEHOW...

'CAUSE WE'RE FARM-ERS.

THE ONLY THING I WAS GOOD AT ASIDE FROM FARMING...

SO 'CAUSE I WAS THE OLDEST BOY LEFT, I HAD TO MAKE THE MONEY.

AND ONCE MY BROTHERS ALL LEFT, WE DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING FROM THEM AGAIN.

ALL WE HAD LEFT IN OUR SMALL PLOT OF LAND WERE LOANS,

BACK HOME.

I NEVER KNEW

SHOOTING SOMEONE COULD BE SO FRIGHT-ENING...

BUT I WAS NAIVE..

I TOLD MYSELF I COULD KILL A MURDERER WITHOUT GETTING MY CONSCIENCE HURT...

THE ONLY THING I HAD CONFIDENCE IN WAS MY SHOOTING.

YOU THOUGHT SOMEONE'D SIT STILL LIKE A BIRD AND GET SHOT?

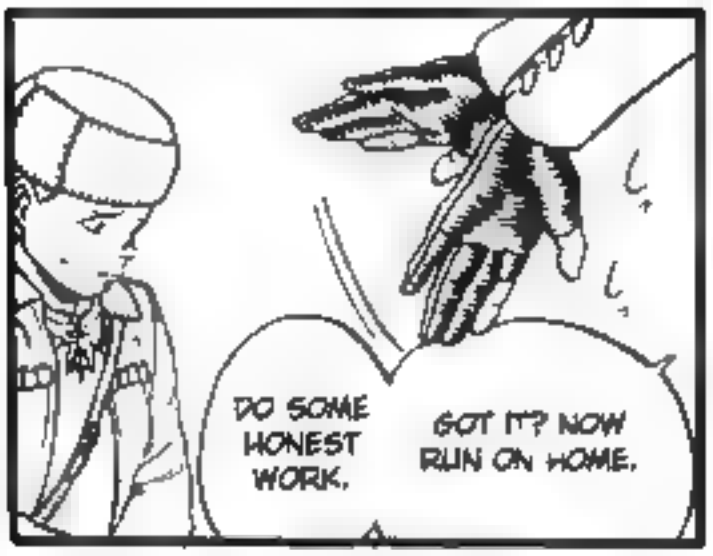
OF COURSE IT IS.

I TOLD MYSELF I COULD DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY...

YOU MESS UP AND YOU GET LEFT WITH THE TAB.

AND THEY'LL FIGHT BACK.

THEY GOT THEIR OWN WILL,


DO SOME HONEST WORK.
GOT IT? NOW RUN ON HOME.

HUH?
I'M AFRAID NOT.

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF THEY'RE A CRIMINAL, THERE'S GONNA BE A RISK IN TURNING SOMEONE'S LIFE INTO MONEY
BASI-CALLY,
IF YOU AIN'T PREPARED TO DIE THEN YOU AIN'T QUALIFIED TO SHOOT SOMEONE.
YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD KID TO BE A BOUNTY HUNTER.

I CAN'T ABANDON A MISSION THAT I'VE AGREED TO DO.
OF COURSE!
BESIDES, THIS ALL HAPPENED 'CAUSE YOU LOST US THREE MEN IN THE FIRST PLACE!

THOUGH WE NEED MORE TREATMENT THAN HE DOES. .

YOU'RE A TENACIOUS OLD BASTARD. STILL GOING AFTER HIM?
IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME.

VICTOR'S WOUNDED AND LIKELY STOPPING BY THE WHITE TOWN UP AHEAD OF US.
I'M NOT DONE YET.

IF I'D KEPT FIGHTING,

WE'D BOTH HAVE DIED. .

DAMN... HOW PITIFUL...

BUT SINCE I COULDN'T SEE WELL IN THERE, THE THIRD HIT ME GOOD.

I DID DODGE THE FIRST BULLET,

ALEX MAC-GREGOR.

I CAN'T TAKE MY DAMNED EYES OFF OF YOU.

IF I HADN'T DODGED SLIGHTLY THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL.

WHAT TERRI-FYING SKILL...

I WAS DEFEATED

THE WOUNDS ON MY LEGS ARE NO EXCUSE.

YEAH, YOU.
LOOK OVER HERE.
BLACKIE.

HEY

YOU'RE VICTOR, RIGHT?
I HEAR YOU'RE A BOXER.

BLASTER KNUCKLE ③

!!

YOU'RE SO DUMB.

DON'T MATTER HOW MUCH YOU TRAIN, YOUR FISTS CAN'T BEAT GUNS.

OH. ?

YOU WANNA GO?

WHAT!?

I won't die, even if you kill these brats...

Too bad.

WHOA.

Hahahahaha...

VICTOR.

YOU'VE LOST.

ﾅﾅﾅ...

ﾊﾞｯ

ﾊﾞｯ

ﾊﾞｯ

WHEN DID I FALL ASLEEP...

OF ALL TIMES..!
WHY NOW
THIS AMOUNT OF REACTION MEANS THEY'RE CLOSE BY...
IS ON THE MOVE!
THE BEAST'S BLOOD

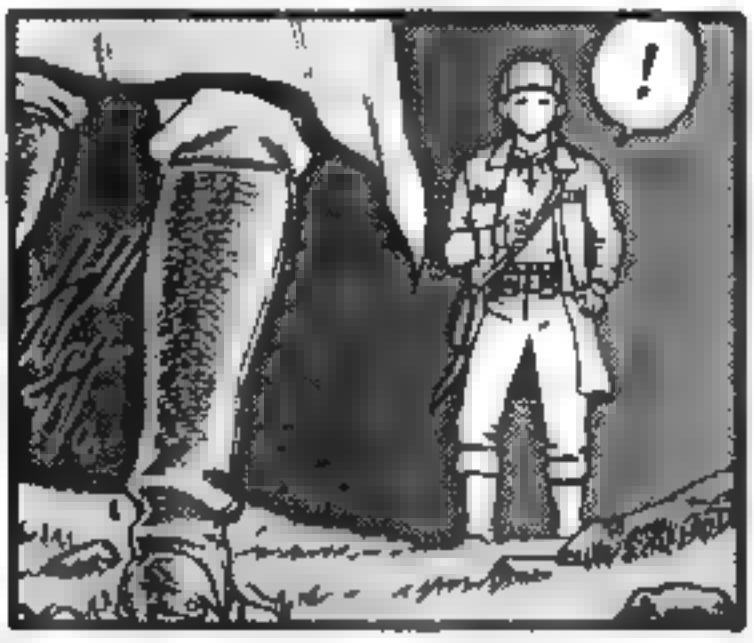
HUH? MAC-GREGOR'S NOT HERE EITHER.
HM. MAYBE THEY WENT TO PEE?

I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM AROUND, AND THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE INJURED AND STAYING STILL.

TOSCA.
YOU KNOW WHERE DOUGLAS AND NIELSEN ARE?

IT'S ALREADY DARK OUT
WONDER WHERE HE WENT?

AH! OH, DOUGLAS
THERE YOU ARE.


!

!!!!!

THE SHERIFF'S BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU...

HURRY AND

-EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CHO7 THE END?-

EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CHOB

WHA-
...
WHA--
...

WH--
...

SHHH.

SHHH.

WHAT IS IT!!?

WHAT IS THAT!?

NO!!

A BEAR!?

I DON'T KNOW ANY... ANIMALS LIKE THAT!!!

AHHH ...

AH.

和.

ALL ...

ALL RIGHT ...

RUN!

DON'T LOOK BACK.

M-MAC-

LO~

BE A GOOD KID AND DON'T SCREAM.

LOOK AT.

YOU'LL JUST GET HIM ALL EXCITED.

QUIETLY GET YOURSELF BEHIND ME.

WAAAAAH...

DON'T FALL DOWN.

I'VE GOT WEAPONS,
AND I'LL FIGHT BACK.
YOU THINK
I'LL SIT STILL AND LET YOU EAT ME?

RUN!!!

WHAT

IT'S A MONSTEEER!!

H-... HEY

WHAT ABOUT DOUGLAS AND NIELSEN!?

TOSCA!!

HAH HAH. HAH HAH HAH HAH. HAH

!?

A MONS-TER?

MAC-GREGOR!?

GRR... GRR...

AND WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT!!?

EATEN?

EA-...?

..WHAT DO YOU..

SHERIFF, RUN!

DOUGLAS AND NIELSEN WERE EATEN!!

YOU CAN USE THE HORSES TO GET AWAY

RUN THEM AS FAST AS YOU CAN UNTIL MORNING!!

MAC-GREGOR...

...!!

I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY, OLD MAN!!

RUN, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WORN OUT!!

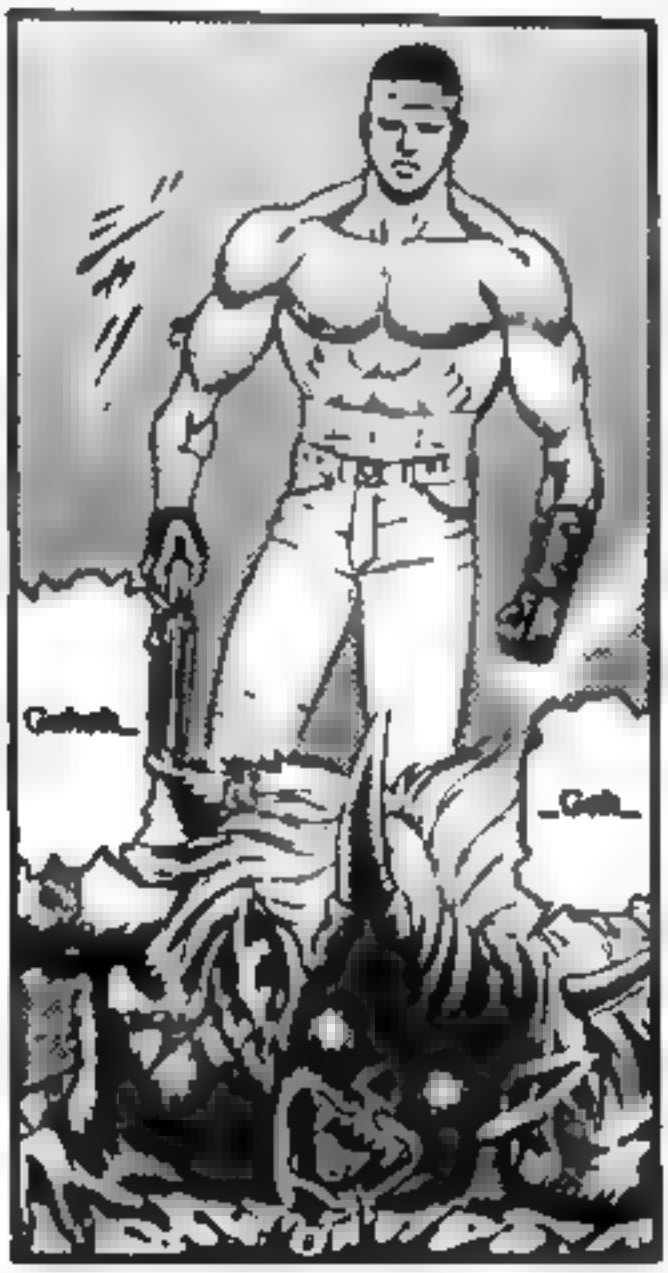
FINE BY ME.

TWO AGAINST ONE...

HEH...

SH.

HE UNDER-ESTIMATES ME.
TO THINK HE ONLY SENT ONE OF YOU AFTER ME.


Gahnh_
Gnh

VICTOR FREEMAN.
ARE YOU. HUMAN!?

This_
This can't be.
I couldn't even_
Like in a vision! Hell_ But's_

IF YOU SPIT IT OUT NICELY, I'LL GIVE YOU AN EASY DEATH.

TELL ME WHERE YOUR FRIENDS ARE...

FEEL FREE TO NOT ANSWER, BUT THE NIGHT IS YOUNG.

WELL... I DON'T KNOW.

I WONDER IF WE'RE SAFE...

FINALLY MORNING ...

SO YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!!

MAC-GREGOR.

OH!

I DIDN'T ASK LAST NIGHT AND JUST RAN LIKE THE DEVIL WAS BEHIND ME.

LISTEN, MAC-GREGOR.

BUT WHAT WAS THAT MONSTER!?

BUT IT WAS HARD WORK.

SOMEHOW MANAGED TO CHASE THEM OFF

YAWWWN

WHAT A TERRIBLE NIGHT

I COULDN'T GET ANY SLEEP

THAT WAS NOT A BEAR!!

MR. MAC-GREGOR SIR, YOU SAW

I SAW IT CLEARLY.

NO IT WASN'T!!

MR. MAC-GREGOR.

SIR?

HUH?

THAT WAS A BEAR.

DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT

MAYBE IT WAS A BEAR OR SOMETHING.

NO IDEA.

!

ANYWAY, LET'S HURRY.

THE HORSES ARE WORN OUT AFTER RUNNING ALL NIGHT

THE TOWN'S JUST UP AHEAD.

...

THE SHOCK MUST HAVE SCRAMBLED YOUR BRAINS...

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH YOU?

BUT... WHY IS HE...!?

NO ONE'D EVER THINK THAT WAS A BEAR.

I'M DONE... I JUST WANT TO GO HOME...

I'VE ONLY BEEN HERE ON THIS JOB FOR HALF A MONTH BUT THERE'S BEEN SO MANY CONFUSING AND TERRIBLE THINGS...

WHAT'S THIS?

IT'S PRETTY RUN DOWN.

NOT MUCH BETTER THAN A GHOST TOWN.

A WHITE TOWN...

WHITE ROCK VALLEY.

TCH, WELL.

LOOKS LIKE I CAN'T GET MY HOPES UP

FOR BEER OR WOMEN...

WE'RE SAVED NOW.

WHITE ROCK VALLEY

JUST WHERE THE BEASTS ARE.

I'VE FINALLY FOUND OUT

ボコ・ボコ・ボコ・

THE TOWN THOSE MAN-EATERS INHABIT...

BUT, SOMEONE CALL A DOCTOR!

EXCUSE US.

WE CAN GET YOU A DOCTOR, BUT. .

UNFORTUNATELY THIS TOWN HAS NO MAYOR OR SHERIFF.

I'M LLOYD HIGGINS, SHERIFF OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

I'M HERE ON GOV-ERNMENT BUSINESS.

THIS IS A BAR.

THAT'S NOT WHAT WE DO.

I KNOW THAT!

I WANT YOU TO CALL THE MAYOR, THE SHERIFF, AND A DOCTOR HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!!

WE'RE CURRENTLY IN PURSUIT OF A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL.

SHERIFF, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME MORE?

I'LL HELP YOU IN ANY WAY THAT I CAN.

IT'S A SMALL TOWN, AS I'M SURE YOU CAN SEE.

I'M THE OWNER OF THIS BAR.

WHICH BASICALLY MAKES ME THE SPOKESMAN FOR THE TOWN.

DID THAT CRIMINAL DO THIS TO YOU?

HE MUST BE QUITE A BRUTAL MAN.

MUCH OBLIGED !!

I'D LIKE TO ARRANGE FOR A DOCTOR TO BE SENT AT ONCE.

OH, OH? YOU GENTLEMEN CERTAINLY LOOK TO BE IN PAIN...

IN ANY CASE, PLEASE HAVE A SEAT.

SINCE YOU,

AND TWO OF YOUR COMPANIONS ARE WOUNDED.

PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO CONSIDER THAT ARRESTING THIS CRIMINAL IS IMPOSSIBLE?

...
...

YEAH ...

MY BODYGUARDS ARE VERY RELIABLE.

RUNNING AN ESTABLISH-MENT LIKE MINE MEANS I'M USED TO TROUBLE.

HAHAHA .. NO NEED TO WORRY

A SERIES OF UNFORTUNATE EVENTS.

TO THINK YOU'D EVEN GET ATTACKED BY BEASTS.

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE IN ANY POSITION TO MAKE THE ARREST.

WE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CONTACT WITH THEM AT ANY RATE.

I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT

OH?

THE BLACK TOWN...

BY THE WAY, THERE IS ONE THING THAT CONCERNS ME.

BROWN SUGAR HILL IS IN RUINS, THOUGH IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A NEW TOWN.

KNOW ANY-THING ABOUT WHY THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN DOWN THE ROAD DISAPPEARED?

THE TAB'S OF COURSE ON US.

HEY.

COME BE HOSPITABLE.

NO.

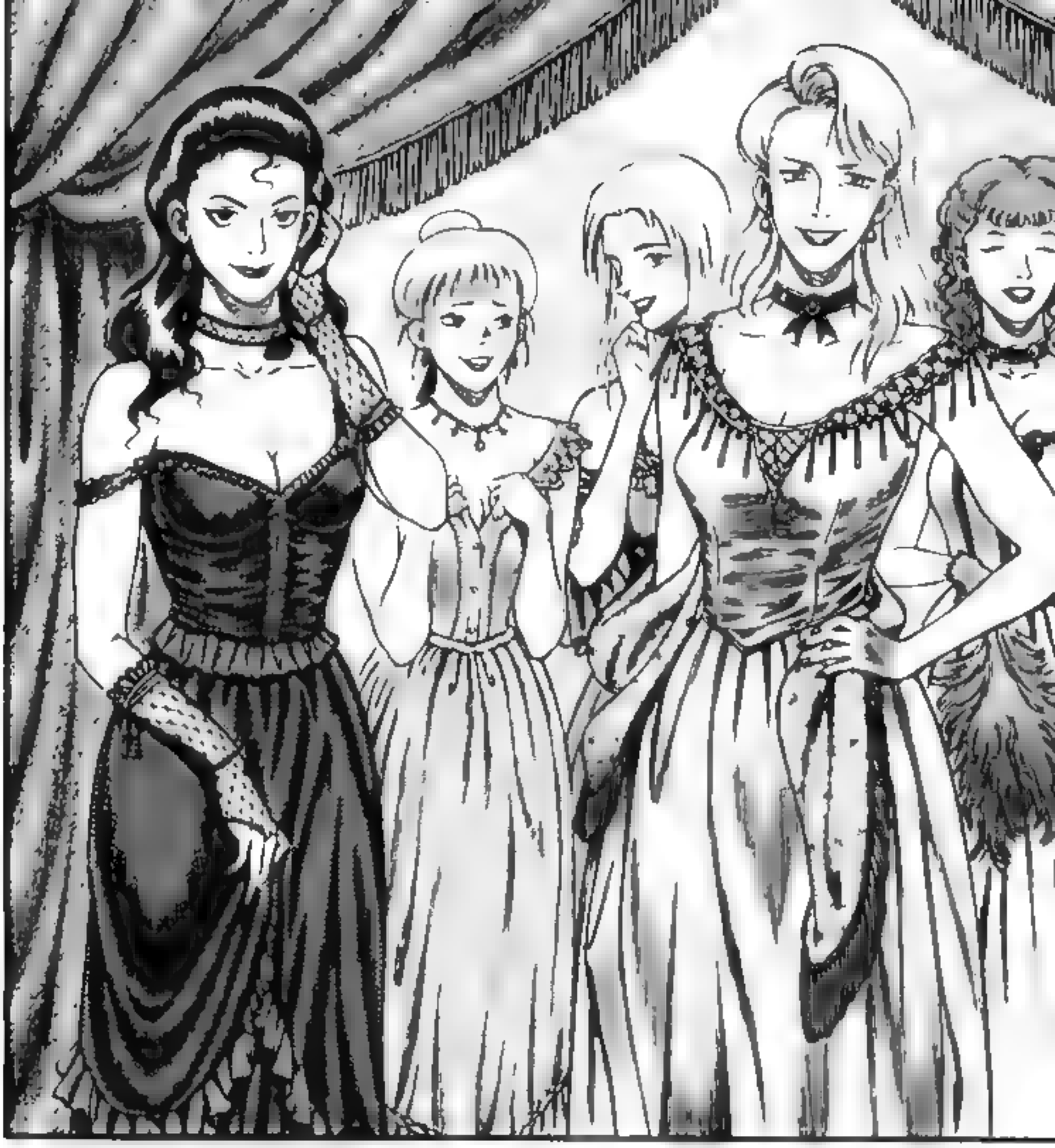
I'M NOT..

ARE YOU INVESTIGATING THAT AS WELL?

I'M SURE YOU'RE ALL TIRED FROM YOUR LONG TRIP.

BY THE WAY, GENTLE-MEN.

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A DRINK AND MAKE YOUR-SELVES AT HOME?



THIS IS A WONDERFUL TOWN.
SHERIFF.

THIS CUTE BOY ARE ALL RIGHT.

LOOKS LIKE ONLY YOU AND

THIS IS TOO BAD.

HUH?

MACGREGOR. DON'T FORGET THE MISSION!!

YOU SAY SOME-THING?

IT'S NO HONOR.

HEH.

I'LL COVER EVERYONE ELSES' SHARE OF THE FUN...

BUT,

WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY CUSTOMERS IN A WHILE AND YOU'RE ALL BEAT UP

WHAT!?

BOSS.

.....

ALL THREE OF THE SCOUTS I SENT OUT DIED!?

HEHEH... HE'S FINALLY HERE.

VICTOR FREEMAN.

PUT EVERYONE WE HAVE ON ALERT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN.

DON'T YOU DARE LET HIM GET AWAY!!!

-EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CHO8 THE END.-

EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH09

BOSS, WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO WITH THEM?

DON'T WORRY.

THEY'RE INJURED, WE CAN DISPOSE OF THEM.

...

IF HE SHOWS UP GIVE ME A HOLLER.

OKAY, OLD TIMER.

I'M WORRIED ABOUT

THAT MAN...

BUT, BOSS.

N-..

NO THANKS

YOU COMING UPSTAIRS, TOO?

IT'LL BE FUN, TOSCA.

TIME OUT A BIT

SORRY

!!

...

LISTEN, AND LISTEN GOOD TOSCA.

SHHH, HIDE IT QUICK.

MAC-GREGOR, THIS IS...!

THE OTHER GUYS'LL SEE IT

YOU TAKE THIS MONEY AND LEAVE HERE BEFORE NIGHTFALL.

THEN KEEP GOING, RUN YOUR HORSE ALL THE WAY BACK HOME.

WITH THAT MUCH YOU CAN PAY OFF THE DEBTS AND HAVE A LITTLE CHANGE LEFTOVER.

THERE'S $3,000 THERE.

FORGET ABOUT YOUR CONTRACT AND THE SHERIFF.

YOU GET YOUR BUTT ON OUT OF HERE QUICK.

THIS PLACE'S GONNA GET ROUGH SOON.

JUST THINK ABOUT YOUR FAMILY AND YOURSELF.

...?

SO,

IT'S JUST SOME CHANGE I GOT FOR TAKING OUT THE TRASH.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, KID.

I.

..BUT, MR. MAC-GREGOR.

THIS MUCH MONEY..

HURRY ON NOW

GOT IT?

ALL RIGHT LADIES.

BEEP.

THAT'S IT, SET IT TIGHTLY NOW.

GUH ...

...
....
...
.
.

SO GET SOME FOOD FOR NOW.

WE DON'T KNOW WHEN HE'LL GET HERE.

WHY'RE YOU LOOKING SO ABSENT-MINDED?

TOSCA, WHAT'S WRONG?

GRIP

HE'S BELITTLIN' US.

AND HE WALKED RIGHT IN THE FRONT.

IT'S STILL LIGHT OUT...

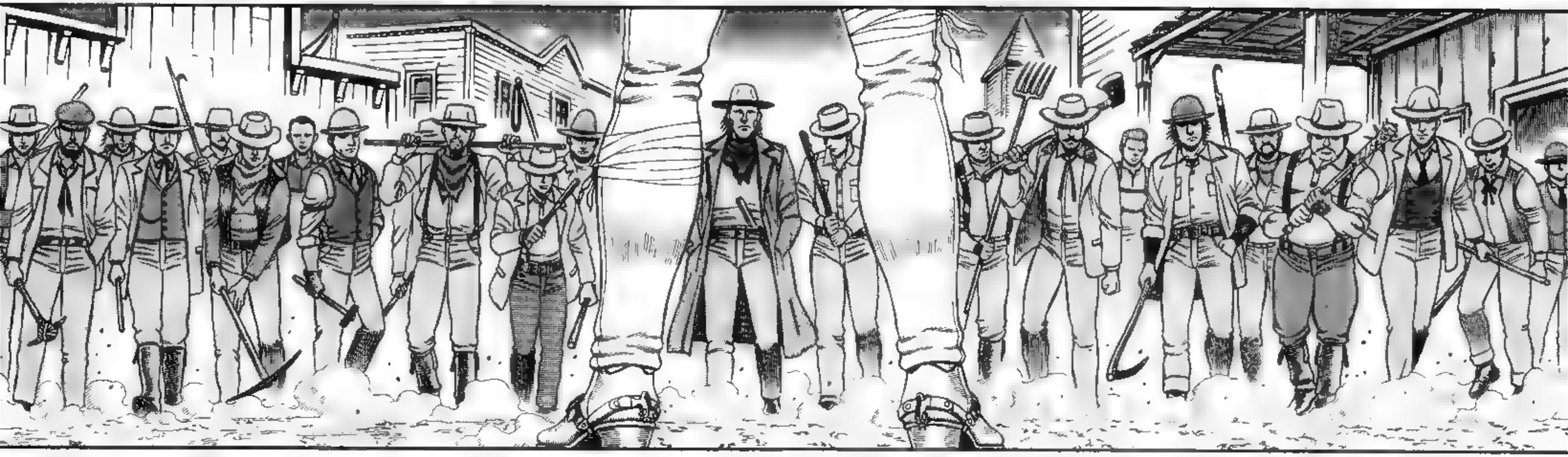
HE'S BLACK, AIN'T NO MISTAKIN' IT.

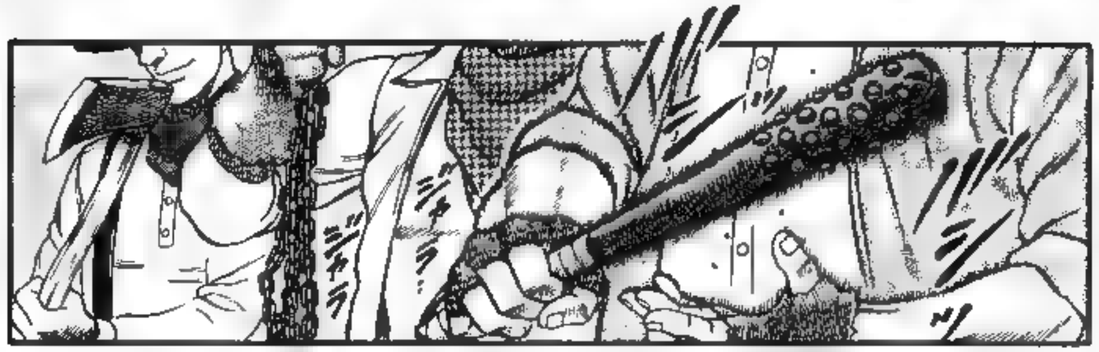
THAT'S HIM!?

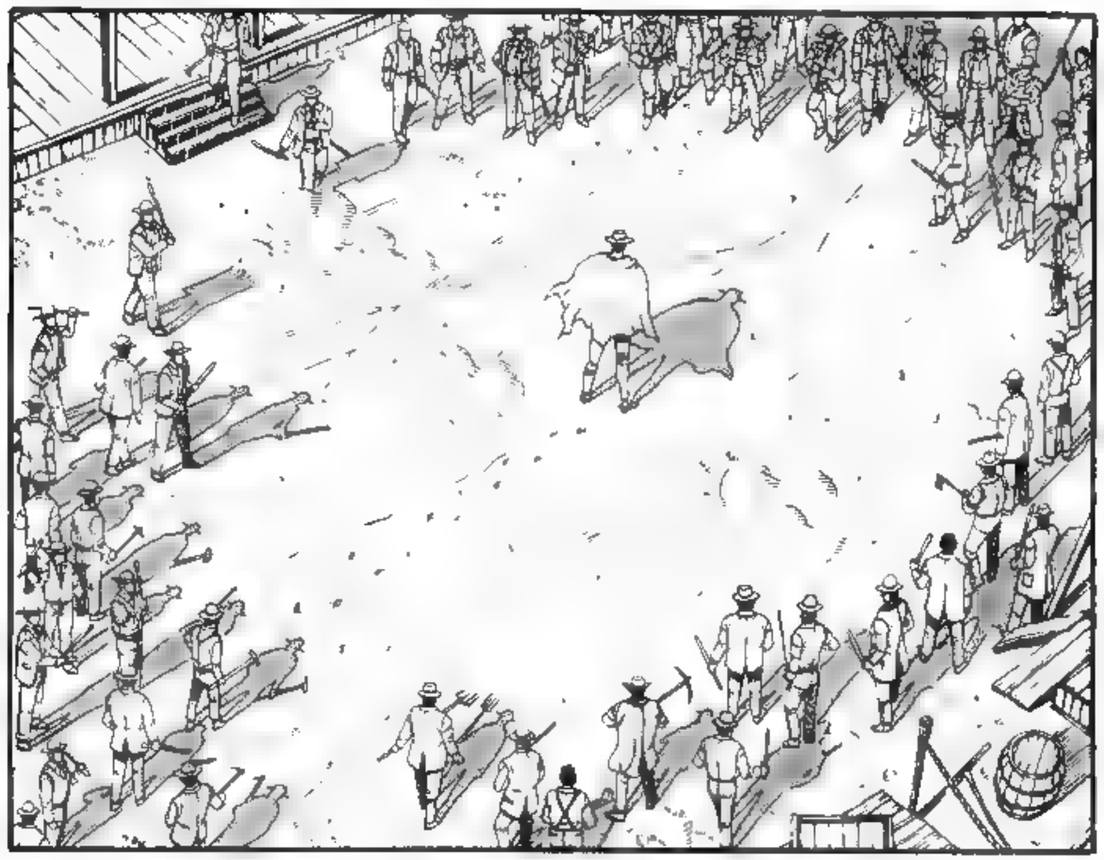
HE'S HERE.

WE WAS ALL ORDERED TO KILL HIM.

LET'S GO.







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I SEE...

...
HMPH.

YOUR HIDEOUT

SO THIS IS...

AIN'T NO FUN IF WE KILL YOU TOO QUICKLY NOW, IS IT?

WE WON'T USE NO GUNS.

NEVER FEAR, NIGGER.

HOHOH ...

BIG MEN ARE BETTER FOR US.

WITH HIM.

BUT YOU KNOW... LOOKS LIKE THAT MIGHT TAKE SOME TIME.

HAHAHA.

HEHE-HEH.

WE'RE GOING TO TURN YOU INTO MINCE MEAT.

YOU'LL JUST BE

A RED STAIN ON THE GROUND.

THERE'LL BE NOTHIN' LEFT AFTERWARDS...

HEHEHEH...

NOT A SCRAP OF FLESH... NOR A SINGLE BONE...

HEHEH. WHAT AN EXCELLENT MAN.

I WONDER IF HE THOUGHT HE COULD WIN.

WE'VE GOT THIS MANY ON OUR SIDE.

A STAIN.

YOU SAY...?

HOW YOU DESTROYED THAT TOWN?

...

IS THAT

AND EATING THEM?

YOU TOOK YOUR TIME KILLING

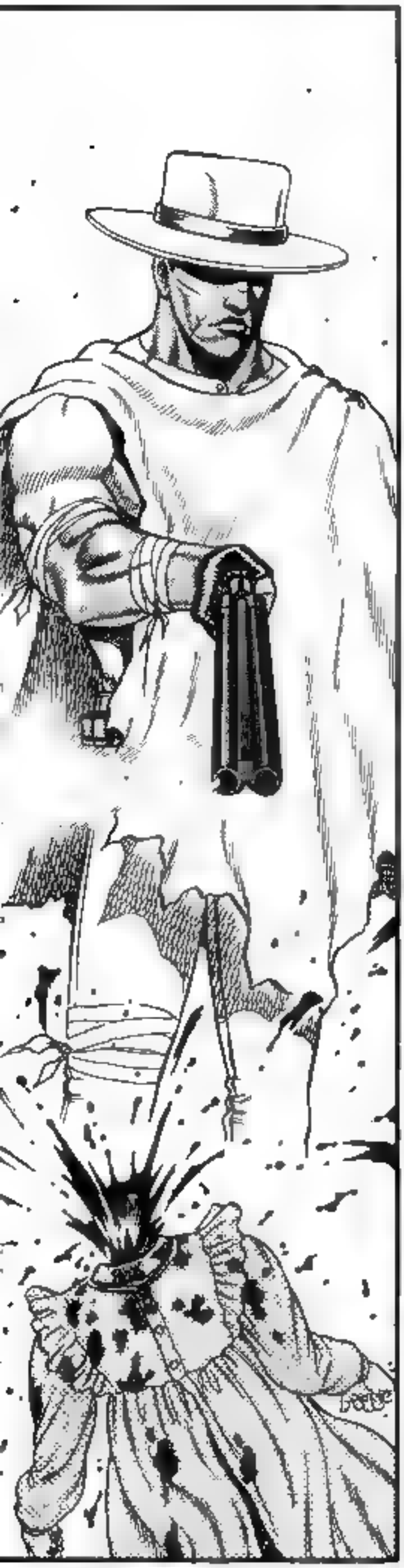
BROWN SUGAR MILL

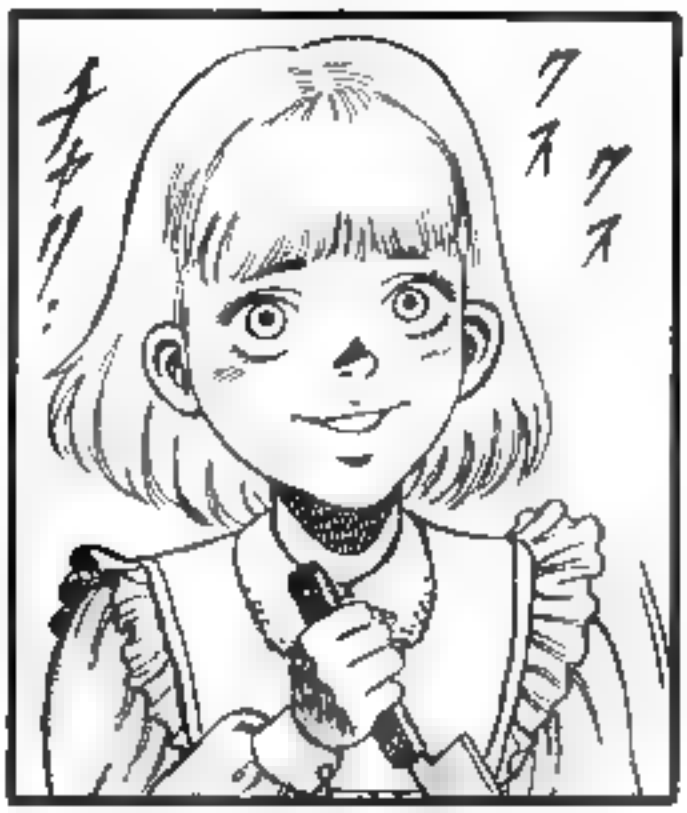
INTO A RED STAIN ON THE GROUND!?

YOU TURNED EVERYONE IN THAT TOWN...

!

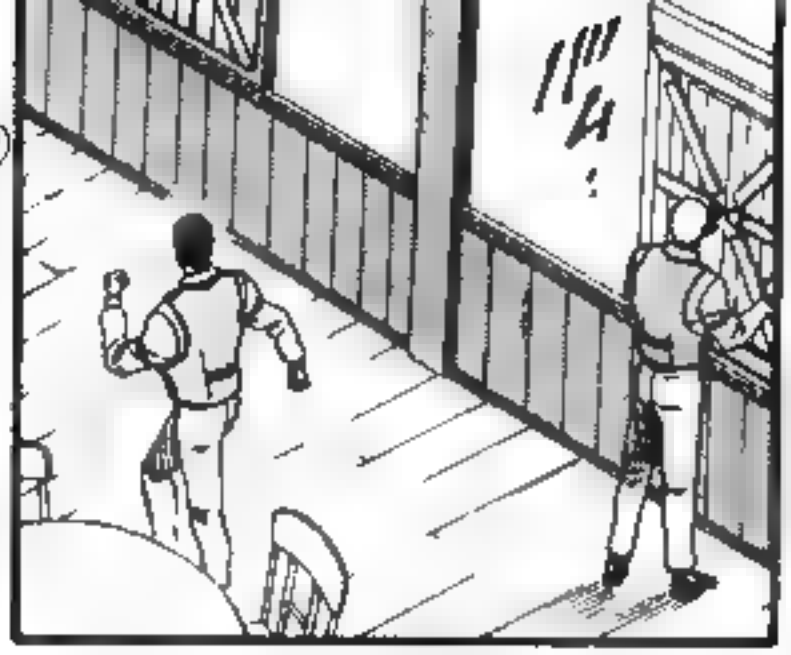
HEHE-HEH.





HOW ABOUT

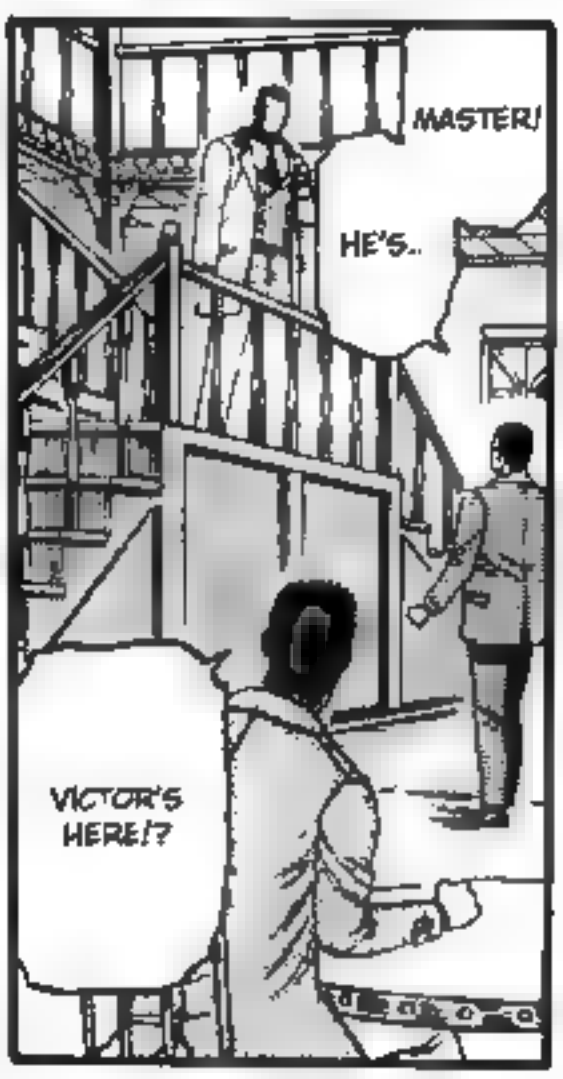
YOU BASTARDS BECOME THE RED STAINS!?



!!

THEN WE SHOULD .!
THERE'S NO NEED.

IT SEEMS SO.
MY MEN ARE CURRENTLY FIGHTING HIM.


MASTER!
HE'S..
VICTOR'S HERE!?

!?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN!?

The reason we boarded up the doors and windows was so you couldn't escape.

Well I'll tell you.

MR. MACGREGOR!!!

!!?

THAT'S MY SOFT SPOT!

AHAHAH... STOP, STOP! STOP, DAMN IT!

HEHEEH.

THAT TICKLES!

HEHEEH.

HM?
TIME OUT A BIT
AIN'T THINGS A BIT NOISY DOWNSTAIRS?
JEEZ!
YOU'VE JUST BEEN SITTING THERE LAUGHING.
YOU GONNA ACTUALLY DO ANYTHING?
NEVER YOU MIND.
BUT, YOU SEE...
AHAHAH... WAIT... WAIT A SECOND!
OOH.
THEY LOOK SO STUFFY
YOU SURE ARE IRRITATIN'
HURRY AND TAKE THESE CLOTHES OFF.
BE GENTLE. ♡
PLEASE.
JUST KIDDING.
HEY, HEY
AREN'T WE DOING THIS THING ALL BACK-WARDS?

I will not.

It's been so long since I've had a good man like you...

I can't stand it.

BLASTER KNUCKLE③

67

I WILL DESTROY THIS TOWN WITH MY FISTS.

THIS IS THE END.

-EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CHO9 THE END.-

EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH10

HE'S TOUGH...!!

I'VE NEVER SEEN A HUMAN THIS STRONG BEFORE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...

ALL AT ONCE!!!

SUR-ROUND HIM!

HE'S GOT A WEIRD WEAPON!!

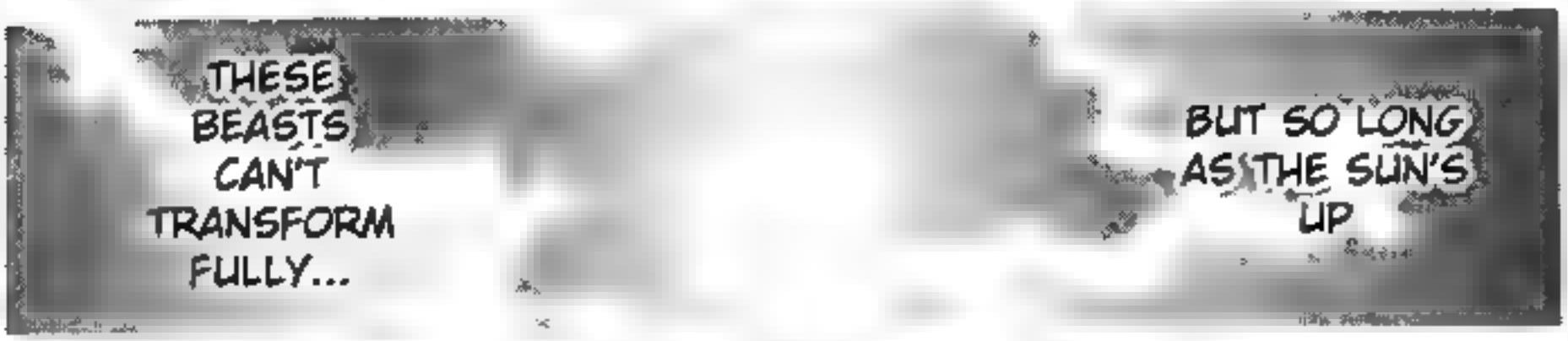
BE CAREFUL.

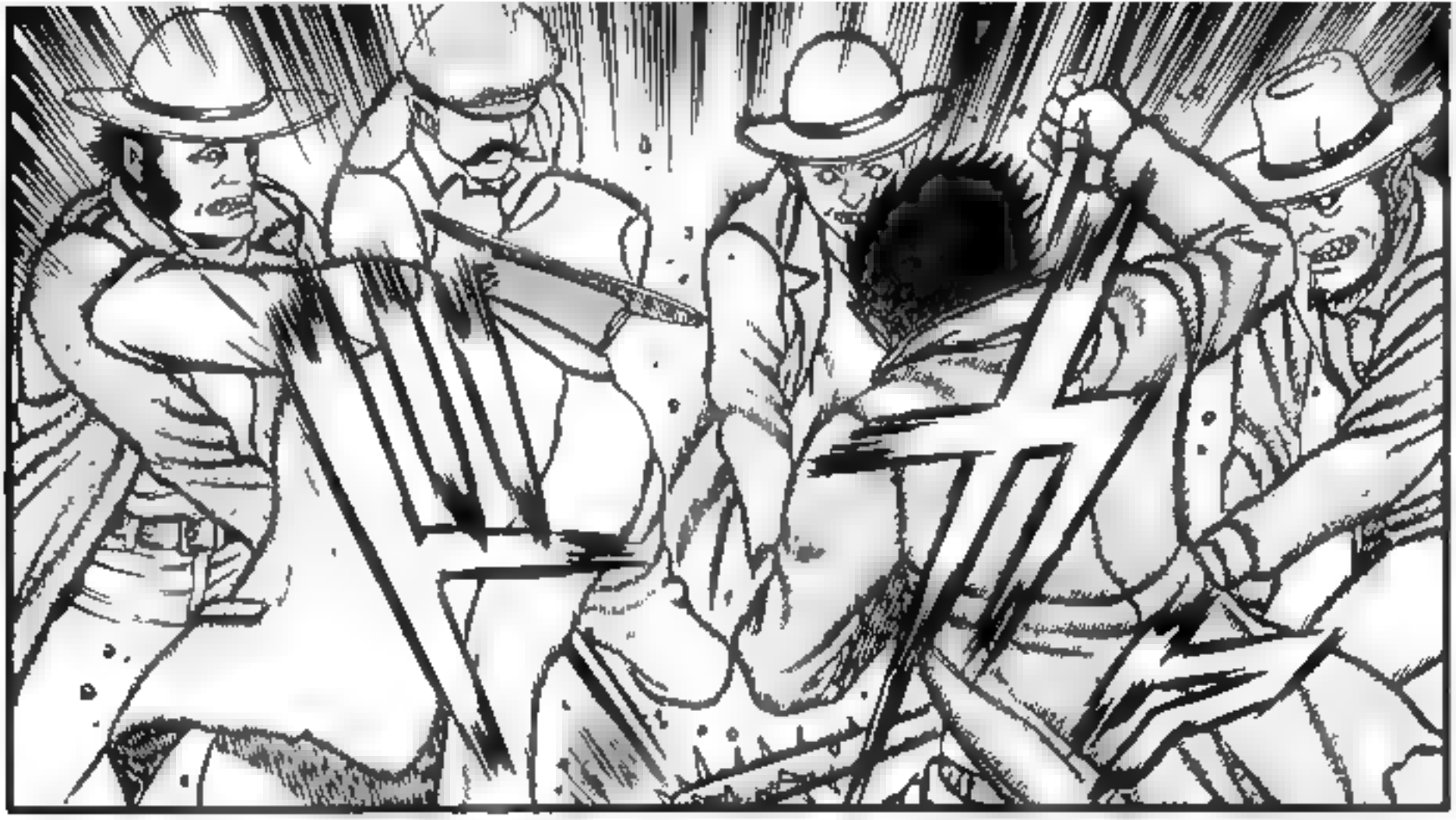
HIS MUSCLES ARE TOP NOTCH!!

SUPPLE, AND STRONG!!

THEY'VE GOTTA BE TASTY.

I CAN'T RELY ON THE SILVER BULLETS IN MY KNUCKLES ANYMORE.
THERE'S TOO MANY... I WON'T HAVE THE TIME TO RELOAD...


THESE BEASTS CAN'T TRANSFORM FULLY...
BUT SO LONG AS THE SUN'S UP

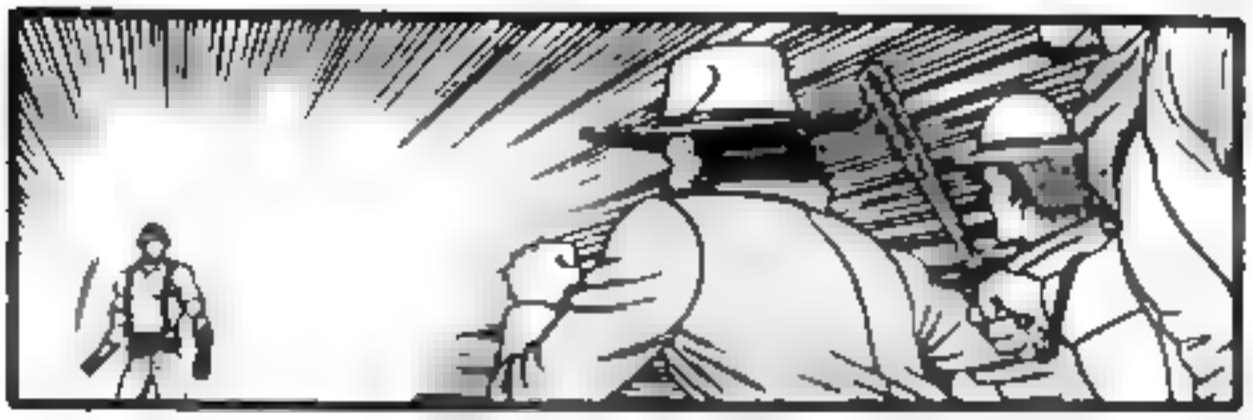


DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY.
CHASE HIM!!

A FIGHT TO SUNSET.

!!!

BLASTER KNUCKLE (3)



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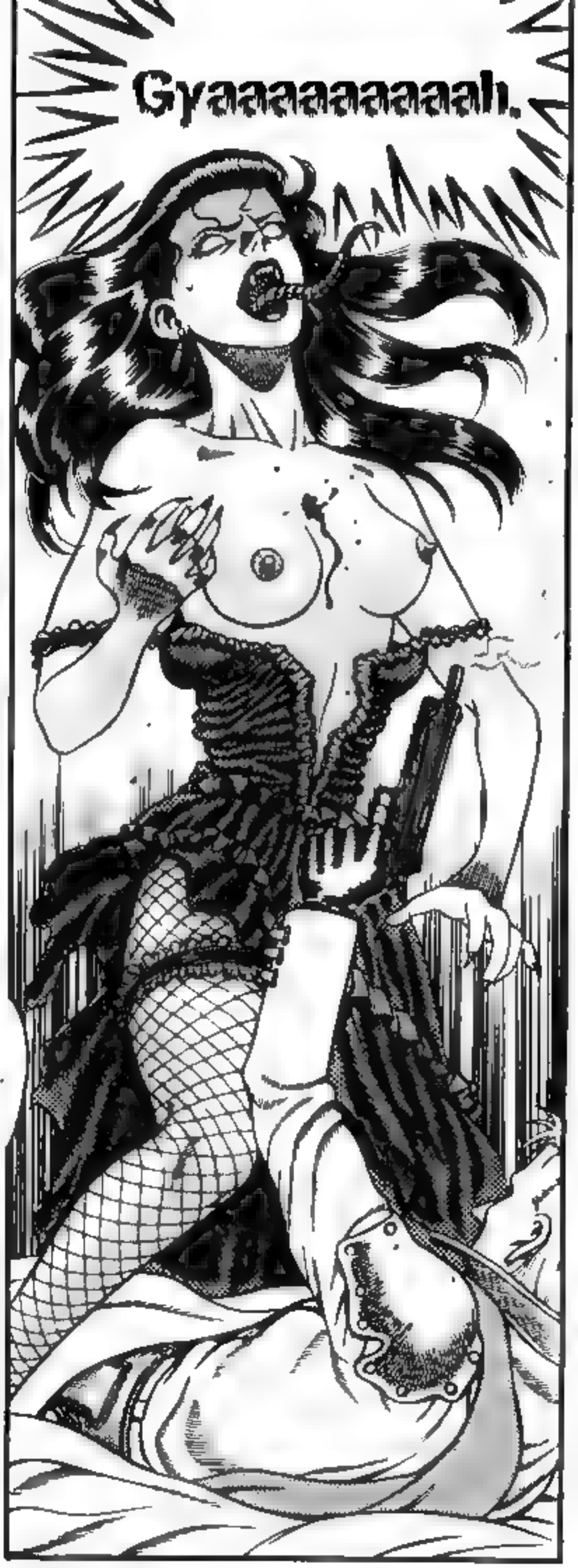
I CAN BREAK ALL YOU PUNKS WITH MY BAREHANDS WHEN YOU AREN'T IN YOUR TRUE FORMS.

SO LONG AS I HAVE MY FISTS!!

BLASTER KNUCKLE③



OOF!!

GUOH ...

OH DAMN ...

I WASN'T BEING GREEDY.

Let's stay and enjoy it.

The night's still young.

TOSCA!!

PHEW

CLOSE, TOO CLOSE.

DON'T TALK.

WAIT!

THE BLOOD WILL POOL IN YOUR THROAT.

—Ma—

Mac—

YOU IDIOT...

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST LEAVE!?

—Hur—

Run— away.

This—

Town— town is—

IT'S TOO LATE...

HIS CAROTID ARTERY'S BEEN BITTEN INTO...

THIS SEEMS TO BE THEIR HIDEOUT...

YOU SAW A TRUE MONSTER.

I THOUGHT IT'D BE BETTER IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE TRUTH.

I'M SORRY I PLAYED DUMB...

THAT'S WHY I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE.

THIS AIN'T A NORMAL TOWN.

YEAH, I KNOW!

town —

in—

YOU FORGET?

I GAVE IT TO YOU.

I CAN EARN THAT MUCH WHENEVER I WANT.

I TOLD YOU NOT TO WORRY ABOUT IT.

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY!?

HM?

WHAT?

...

...

...

....

....

....

THE MONEY...

HEH.

WHAT'S THIS?

...

—uh, I, I...

But...

COME HOME SAFE.

TOSCA ...

HAVING A PURE SOUL WAS MORE IMPORTANT TO HIM THAN MONEY..

YOUR FATHER WAS AN HONEST MAN WHEN IT CAME TO WORK.

THAT'S THE ONLY THING I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER...

BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO WORRY ABOUT OUR DEBTS AND PUSH YOURSELF TOO HARD.

IF THE REWARD'S NOT ENOUGH, THEN THERE'S NO SHAME IN TAKING AN HONEST JOB..

... I WON'T STOP YOU...

THIS IS WHAT YOU CHOSE TO DO...

I... didn't under-stand... it...

I'm- sor-ry.

to scold me...

Mom's going

THE FIRST DAY WE MET

TO GO HOME...

THIS IS WHY I TOLD YOU.

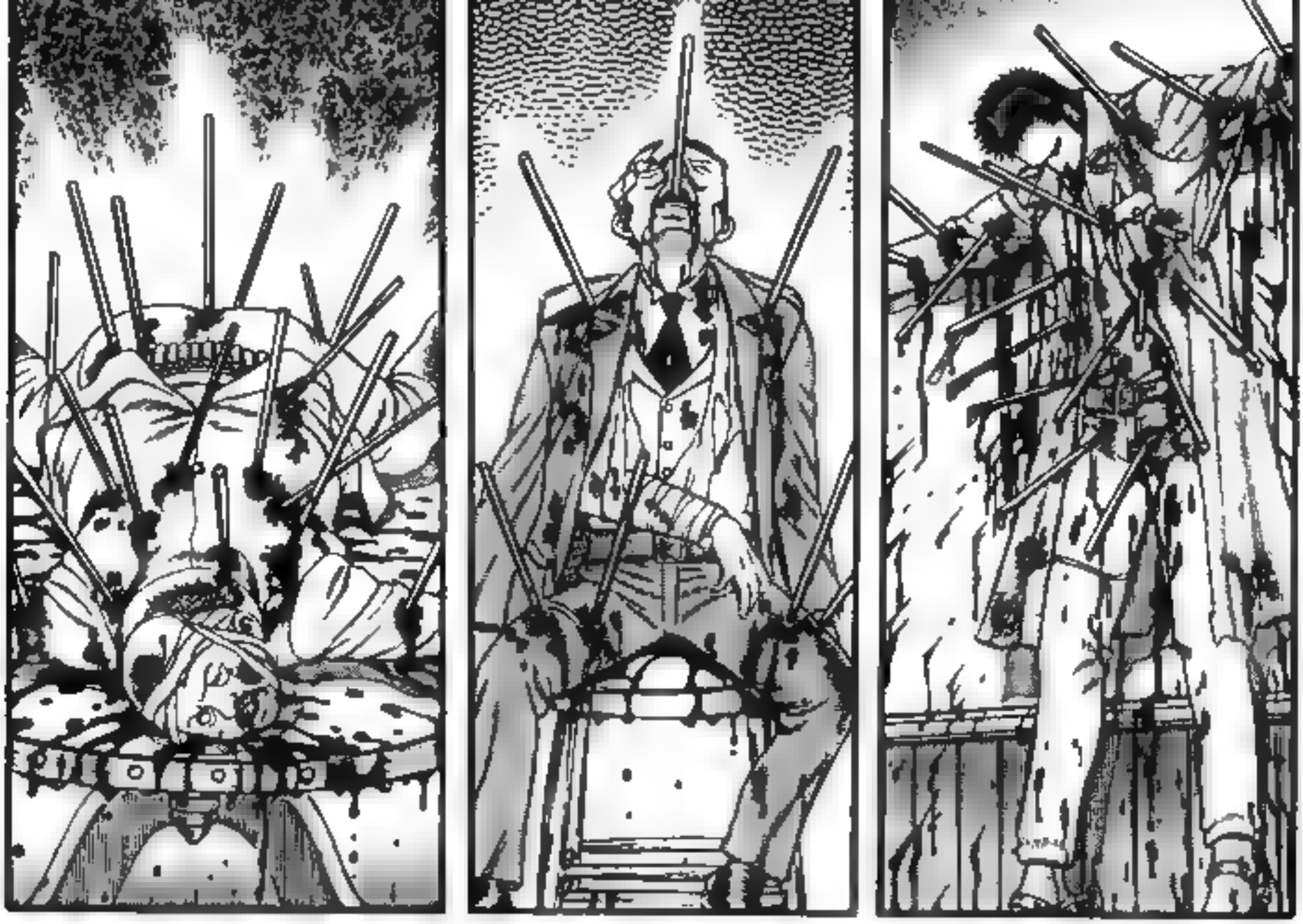
TCH.

NO FUN.

TO USE BLOOD MONEY EARNED BY TAKING OUT SCUMBAGS...

SO THIS JUST MEANS THERE'S NO HONEST WAY

FUJI



YOU'RE SO GREEDY...

HOW MEAN ...

AND KILLED 'EM SLOWLY.

YOU CLOSED UP THE EXITS

MY GOOD INTENTIONS INTO NOTHING...

YOU TURNED ...

YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD!!

Gah_

Gah!!_

SO IT WAS YOU?

YOU KILLED TOSCA...

YOU DIDN'T THINK THAT VICTOR'S THE ONLY ONE

HUNTING YOU BEAST DEMONS!?

WHAT!!?

YOU KNOW OUR TRUE FORM!?

IT CAN'T BE.

JUST WHO ARE YOU!?

YOU SLAUGHTERED MY MAN SO EASILY

GWAAAH.

BLASTER KNUCKLES.

SO YOU'RE HERE, VICTOR.

BLASTER · KNUCKLE

EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH11

WELL AREN'T YOU LATE, VICTOR.

IT'S ALREADY STARTED WITHOUT YOU.

ガラ…

YOU DEFEATED MORE THAN 50 OF MY MEN ALL BY YOURSELF!!?

YOU BUSTED THROUGH IT!?

.. THROUGH THAT TRAP...

WHA- ...

WHAT AN AMAZING MAN...!!

DON'T BELITTLE MY ABILITIES.

HEY,

DID YOU REALLY THINK

JUST 40 OR 50 OF YOUR MEN COULD SOMEHOW TAKE ME!?

ARE LESS THAN PIGS, AFTER ALL.

PUNKS THAT HAVEN'T TAKEN THEIR TRUE FORM

THEY'LL ONLY BE A WARM UP

DOESN'T MATTER HOW MANY YOU GET.

WAIT A SECOND.

HOLD IT!

I'LL BLAST YOU ALL!!

TIME TO GO ALL OUT

SO NOW I'M WARMED UP ENOUGH.

CAN'T HAVE YOU FORGETTING THAT I'M HERE, TOO

DON'T START PUMPING YOURSELF UP ALL ALONE THERE

YOU'RE SO SATANIC-ASTIC

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, ALEX.

HMH...

YOU SAID I HAVEN'T GROWN UP ONE BIT, DIDN'T YOU?

SHAMELESS AS EVER.

YOU'RE JUST AS

DO WHAT YOU WANT.

!?

!?

I THINK I WILL.

YEAH.

....
....
....
..!!

YOU GONNA HOG ALL OF OUR GAME TO YOURSELF?

STOP TALKING LIKE THE LONE RANGER, VICTOR.

THIS AIN'T JUST YOUR HUNT ANY LONGER.

HEHEHEH... TIME TO OVERHUNT THE BASTARDS.

BEAST SEASON'S OPEN.

INSOLENT BASTARDS!!

GAME!?

ARE TOGETHER!?

YOU TWO...

NO NEED TO DENY SO ANGRILY

OUR GAME DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW.

WE'VE JUST GOT THE GAME PURPOSE!

NO.

WE WILL SHOW YOU THE TRUE TERROR OF OUR RACE!!!

YOU TWO ARE MERELY GETTING CARRIED AWAY WITH YOUR OWN HUMANITY...!

We are now invincible until morning!!

The sun has already set.

We shall fight you as our true beast forms!!

As you wish!

NO TIME TO BE CHEERFUL.

THEY'RE MUCH HIGHER LEVEL THAN I THOUGHT.

THESE BEASTS.

OOH, HEH, THIS IS GREAT.

WHERE ARE THE ELEPHANTS AND GIRAFFES?

IT'S JUST LIKE A HUGE ZOO.

Get them!!

Crush them!!

SHH

HEH ...

WELL HE'S ALL FIRED UP.

HAH

THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE!!

ALL THE BETTER!

THESE GUYS SURE ARE

PRETTY HARD TO SWALLOW.

FLY!!

!!

BLASTED HIM THE HELL AWAY!!

BLASTED? VICTORY?

A 50 GAUGE "CANOMAX" REVOLVER.

EXPLOSIVE SILVER BULLETS IN A MERCURY CASING WILL BLAST THROUGH THE BEAST'S BODIES IN ONE BLOW.

THIS HERO IS BY TRUMP CARD

100

*"

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE AT,

VICTOR?

I'VE MANAGED TO BLOW AWAY 86 BEASTS SO FAR.

WITH THIS THING

WHAAAT!?

WHA-

DAMN IT!!

103

99

101

100

102

...
HAH
...

MOVE, ALEX.

I'M DONE.

SEE THAT, VICTOR!?

HA-HA-HAH.

WAIT A MINUTE!!

H-
...

HEY
...

WAIT...

NOW,

I'M AT ABOUT 110.

HAVE YOU...

VICTOR.

WHO ARE THESE GUYS !?

WH-...

YOU THINK I CAN TAKE THE TIME TO COUNT ALL OF THEM?

OF COURSE.

YOU BEEN COUNTING UP YOUR SCORE LIKE THAT THIS WHOLE TIME!?

CHEATING BASTARD.

WHAT'S THIS *ABOUT* 110 SHIT?

AREN'T NORMAL HUMANS, ARE YOU!!?

YOU TWO

THEY'RE JUST TOSSING US AROUND LIKE BABIES!!!

TO THINK THEY'D BE ABLE TO SLAUGHTER ALL THE TRUE FORM BEAST DEMONS SO EASILY...

IT...

IT CAN'T BE...

WHY DO YOU CALL US *GAME*!!?

IN THE DISTANT DARK AGES THERE WAS AN ORGANIZATION THAT STOOD AGAINST OUR DARK FAMILY

I HEARD ABOUT YOU FROM MY BRETHREN BEFORE

YET THEY WERE SO ELUSIVE THAT THEIR TRUE FORM WAS WRAPPED IN MYSTERY...

THEY ALWAYS PREVENTED OUR GREAT ANCESTORS FROM INVADING.

A MIGHTY BAND OF ELITE WARRIORS AS FIERCE AS THE GODS

WITH FIERY BATTLE SKILLS, FLUID INGENUITY, STEELY DISCIPLINE, AND SILVER WEAPONS..

IT MUST BE, THERE IS NO OTHER EXPLANATION!!!

NO,

BUT, IF THAT WERE TRUE,

HE HAS NO TOMORROW.

THE KNOWLEDGE WILL DO HIM NO GOOD.

BEING LOW ON THE FOOD CHAIN MUST BE TOUGH.

YOU NEVER GET ANY USEFUL INFORMATION.

-EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH11 THE END.-

Jet Pistol

BLASTER · KNUCKLE

EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH12

ARE YOU TWO AGENTS FROM...

THE HUNTER CLASS!!?

... THE LEGENDARY BEAST HUNTING SOCIETY.

THE SILVEN KREUZ!

BUT YOU KNOW,

IT'S A BIT LATE TO BE REALIZING THAT.

BINGO!

HERE'S YOUR PRIZE.

TAKE IT!

CREMATION, ON THE HOUSE.

HA-HA-HA-HA...

BURN WITH THANKS!!

GWAAAAH!!

HE STIRRED THINGS UP SO MUCH, AND THEN ENDED WITH THAT

I GOT THE BOSS

THAT MEANS I WIN, VICTOR.

NOT AT ALL LIKE HE BOASTED

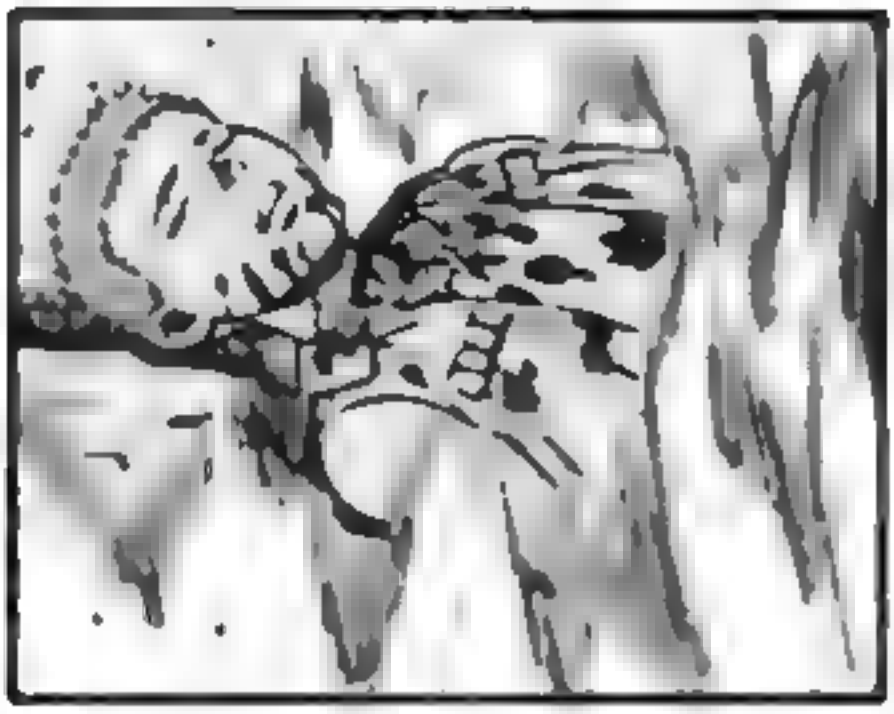
TCH

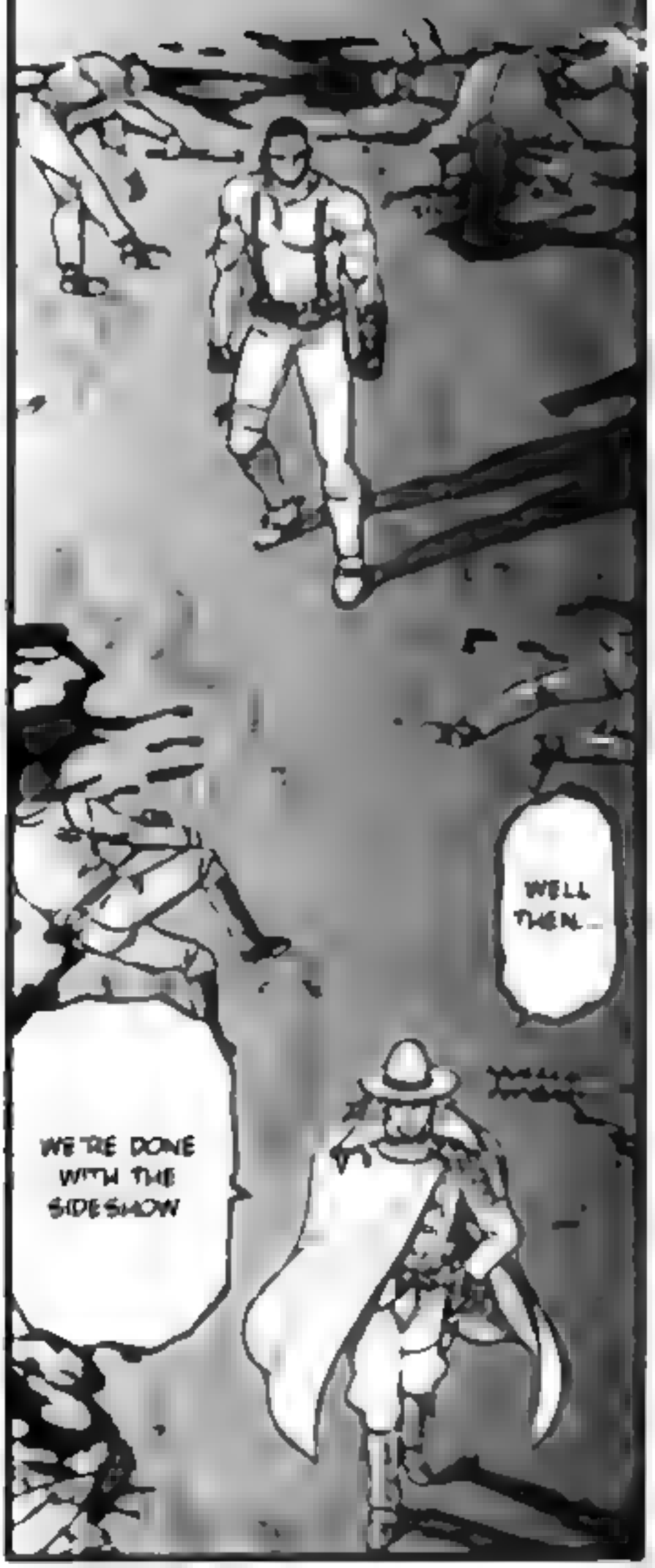
SO FRAIL

DAMNED WEAKLING

YOU PISSED?

DON'T LOOK SO DISAPPOINTED




WELL THEN...
WE'RE DONE WITH THE SIDESHOW

!
HOW ABOUT
WE GET ON TO THE MAIN EVENT...

YOUR DEATH, VICTOR.

YOU ARE TO BE DESTROYED.

CODENAME "BRASS KNUCKLE",

BY ORDER OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL,

ALEX.

... I KNEW YOU WERE REALLY HERE AS AN ASSASSIN.

HEHEH

YEAH, SOMETHING LIKE THAT

USING SOMEONE LIKE YOU FROM THE SAME TRAINING PERIOD SEEMS LIKE SOMETHING HE'D THINK UP.

THIS WAS THE FATHER'S IDEA, WASN'T IT?

THE PUBLIC CANNOT KNOW OF THESE BEASTS' EXISTENCE.

YOU MUST OBLITERATE YOUR TARGET WHILE AT THE SAME TIME BURYING ALL THE EVIDENCE.

BEAST HUNTING MISSIONS ARE A COOPERATIVE EFFORT BETWEEN THE ORGANIZATION'S HAWK-EYES AND POINTERS.

"COMPLETE OBLITERATION." THAT IS THE ORGANIZATION'S MOST IMPORTANT RULE.

YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW, OF COURSE.

DON'T CURSE ME, VICTOR.

THE ORGANIZATION'S BRAIN CANNOT TOLERATE YOUR BEHAVIOR.

YOU'RE A DANGEROUS ELEMENT NOW.

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE ONE TO GIVE SERMONS...

HAH.

BUT YOU RAN WILD ON YOUR OWN AS A MERE HUNTER.

DRIVEN BY YOUR GRUDGE YOU SLAUGHTERED MANY BEASTS IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, AND NOW YOU'RE A WANTED MAN.

REWARD

YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN WHEN YOU BETRAYED THE ORGANIZATION!!

BUT I'M A SOLDIER OF THE ORGANIZATION.

PERSONALLY, I DIDN'T WANT TO COME HERE AND KILL YOU.

IT'S DEFINITELY NOT MY WAY.

SOLDIERS HAVE NO OTHER OPTION!!

I MOVE, KILL, AND DIE BY THEIR COMMAND!!

!?

DID YOU SEE THOSE BEASTS!?

DID YOU SEE THEM, CHILD...?

....
..!!

WE CAN GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO RECOVER FROM THIS NIGHTMARE.

YOU WILL COME WITH US IF YOU WISH TO LIVE.

AVENGE MY...!!

WE WILL TEACH YOU TO FIGHT.

THERE IS NO PATH TO SALVATION BUT TO STAND BEFORE IT AND FACE IT DOWN.

YOU WILL PROBABLY NEVER BE ABLE TO FORGET THIS ABOMINABLE REALITY SO LONG AS YOU LIVE.

ANSWER!

IF YOU WISH TO AVENGE YOUR FATHER'S DEATH THEN PUT OUT YOUR HAND.

I...

I ACCEPT YOUR FIST INTO MY CARE!

GOOD ANSWER.

I LIKE YOU, CHILD...

FROM THAT DAY, THAT MOMENT ONWARD I THRUST MY FATE INTO THE HANDS OF THE ORGANIZATION...

THAT'S RIGHT...

... YOU AND I WERE TAKEN IN AND RAISED BY THEM.

...
...
...

AND EVEN CRIMINALS WHO'D BEEN IN CHAINS SINCE THEY WERE KIDS.

AMONG THEM WERE THOSE WHO LOST THEIR PARENTS TO THE BEASTS,

AND IT WASN'T JUST US. ALL THE TRAINEES AT THE ORGANIZATION WERE KIDS WITH NO FAMILY...

THEN DURING A PERIOD OF ABOUT TEN YEARS OF TRAINING,

KIDS WERE WEEDED OUT BASED ON THEIR INDIVIDUAL NATURES AND ONLY THE MOST TALENTED CONTINUED TRAINING.

IMMIGRANTS AND SLAVE CHILDREN WHO LOST THEIR PARENTS IN THE WAR... MIXED-RACES.

THE ORGANIZATION SELECTED ORPHANS OF COLOR AND RACE FROM THE SIZABLE AMOUNT IN OUR COUNTRY, AND KEPT THE CAPABLE ONES.

YOU COULD SAY WE'RE THE ELITE, BASED ON THAT.

LESS THAN A PERCENT OF OUR NUMBER WOULD BE USEFUL HUNTERS.

THE STRICTNESS OF OUR TRAINING WAS EQUAL TO THAT OF A MILITARY ACADEMY, AND THE EDUCATION STANDARDS COMPARE EASILY WITH THE UNIVERSITY LEVEL.

THE ORGANIZATION NEEDED THOSE WHO WERE ELITE "KILLERS".

OUR INTELLIGENCE, STRENGTH, AND STRATEGIC ABILITIES WERE ALL TAUGHT TO US BY THE ORGANIZATION!!

EVERYTHING WE ARE NOW IS BECAUSE WE SURVIVED THE ORGANIZATION'S TRAINING.

RIGHT!

BUT WHO TOOK YOU IN, GAVE YOU FOOD, TAUGHT YOU TO READ AND WRITE!?

YOU WERE A SLAVE CHILD WHO WOULD LIKELY HAVE DIED OF STARVATION IN THE STREETS SOMEWHERE,

THINK ABOUT IT.

WHY DID THEY SPEND MONEY ON A WEAK BRAT THAT COULDN'T EVEN KILL A DOG,

AND GIVE HIM A SUPER HUMAN COMBAT ABILITY!?

IS THE ONLY WAY TO DO SO

CARRYING OUT THE ORGANIZATION'S MISSIONS

WE ARE BUT PAWNS OF THE ORGANIZATION.

WE SWEAR LOYALTY TO THEM, OBEY THEIR COMMANDS

TO PUT IT SIMPLY, IS A HUGE DEBT THAT WE HAVE TO PAY BACK.

THE ADVANCED TRAINING AND KNOWLEDGE WE WERE GIVEN.

WHY DID YOU LET YOUR GRUDGE DRIVE YOU WILD!?

WHY DID YOU BETRAY THEM, VICTOR!?

YOU'RE FOOLISH, VICTOR...

AND I FEEL FOR YOU.

DIDN'T YOUR NORMAL MISSIONS ALLOW YOU ENOUGH VENGEANCE AGAINST THE BEASTS?

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO HAVE THE DISHONOR OF BEING A MURDERER...

AND BEEN A BOXER TO EVERYONE ELSE!!

.....
.....
.....
.....

... BUT A MISSION IS A MISSION!!

I'VE RECEIVED THE ORDER TO KILL YOU!!

ON YOUR GUARD!!

BRASS KNUCKLE.

MY CODENAME IS "FIRE ARM".

WE KNOW EACH OTHER'S ABILITIES THROUGH AND THROUGH.

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU ANYMORE.

QUIT BUGGIN' ME.

DON'T MAKE ME REPEAT MYSELF.

DO YOU REALLY WANNA DO THIS!?

I FAIL AS AN ASSASSIN,

TOO...

HOW PATHETIC.

...
...
...

FINE, ALEX.

LET US END THIS.

... COME, VICTOR.

HEH...

I'M GETTIN' SLOW IN MY OLD AGE.

CHATTING ABOUT OLD TIMES WITH THE MAN I'M TO TAKE DOWN.

THERE IS ONLY MY FIST FOR THOSE WHO STAND IN MY WAY!!!

I WILL NOT GIVE YOU MY LIFE.

I COULD DEFINITELY DEFEAT HIM.

BUT IT'D BE BORING

NOT FULLY RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS FROM BEFORE.

... BUT HE'S OBVIOUSLY EXHAUSTED.

AS EXPECTED...

HE'S SO SPIRITED.

!?

ALEX!!

GOD DAMN IT!!

WHO WAS THAT!!?

"CLING"

NO!!

IT ISN'T, VICTOR.

THAT'S

THAT BOY...

The fight has only just begun!!

Heheheh_ did you really think you'd beat me so easily!?

TASTELESS BASTARD.

DOING IT AGAIN...

THAT BASTARD

HE'S IN TOSCA'S BODY!!

HAHAHAHAH...

-EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH12 THE END-

EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH.13

Seems this kid's an expert marksman.

He's quite skilled.

It's been wicked with our blood.

I love the ability to kill in the bodies of any of my companions.

It was stupid of you to leave the corpse...

Hehheh...

Foolish Hunters.

BY BLASTING YOUR ROTTEN HEAD WIDE OPEN!!

IT MAKES ME WANNA PUKE.

YOU'RE SUCH A SLIMEBALL...

I'LL MAKE IT SO YOU CAN'T THINK ONE MORE CRUEL THOUGHT,

I CAN'T STAND YOUR EXISTENCE FOR LONGER THAN A MINUTE.

VICTOR, WAIT!!

DON'T INTERFERE.

I'LL DO IT.

...
...
...

LEAVE IT TO ME.

TOSCA WAS MY COMPADRE, EVEN IF ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

I'M THE MAN TO BE JUDGE AND JURY HERE.

COCK-SUCKER.

SHUT UP.

Heheh... spittin' out some pretty emotional lines for an assassin.

Judge and jury_

JUST TRY IT.

AIM FIRST!!

I'LL WARN YOU NOW, YOU CAN'T BEAT ME.

Only humans obsess over dull things like those_

Heh...

You've got a lot of trust in your skills.

Fine...

But this kid is quite good.

There's no way I'll miss!!

And at this range,

A rifle is much more precise than a handgun.

My aim is perfect ...

Die!!!

I CAN'T DO IT CALMLY.

'CAUSE SHOOTING PEOPLE IS FUN.

HUH? NO WAY, I COULDN'T...

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

SO, TOSCA. CAN YOU CALMLY SHOOT A PERSON

JUST LIKE WHEN YOU SHOOT BIRDS?

... I'M TOSCA.

I'M AN EXPERT BIRD SHOOTER IN MY VILLAGE.

NO FUN.

TOSCA.

Why...

did I miss?

YOU CAN MOVE HIS MUSCLES, BUT YOU CAN'T CONTROL

HIS SOUL.

ALL THE WAY TO THE END,

HE WAS SO SCARED HE NEVER MANAGED TO HIT ANYONE.

WAS DEFINITELY GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE DOWN A BIRD IN FLIGHT,

BUT HE'D NEVER SHOT SOMEONE BEFORE.

TOSCA...

THE DEAD SHOULD SLEEP QUIETLY.

WHAT !?

THEN WHERE THE HELL ...!?

THIS IS WHAT HE DID TO ME.

HE'S STILL ALIVE.

ALEX, DON'T LOSE YOUR FOCUS!!

BEHIND YOU!!!

SH.

BASTARD!!

!?

!

Clever as always.

Exactly.

HE...

JUST FUCKING DISAP-PEARED!!

...
...
...

WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON, VICTOR!?

THAT'S PROBABLY ALSO THE REASON WHY HE CAN HIDE IN OTHER BEASTS' BODIES.

HE HAS THE POWER TO USE BEAST BLOOD AS A SORT OF MEDIUM TO TRAVEL TO ANOTHER DIMENSION.

THE BLOOD.

Victor Freeman.

Look around you.

Why do you think I sent all of my men after you!?

The main reason I was made the leader of over 50 of my brethren

is because I have this special ability, which is considered high class amongst the Beast Demons.

The blood of my brothers spread through the whole town is my fortress...

I knew they couldn't stand up to you from the start.

You have nowhere to run!!

This was all part of the plan!

I'm fond of your tough body...

I will turn you into one of my brothers and take control of it!!

The lives of 50 of my men is worth it if I can have you.

I will have absolute strength!!!

When I absorb you,

...
...
...

YOU FELL RIGHT INTO HIS TRAP...

YOU MORON.

WHAT'S THE PLAN, MAN...

HEH.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A HIT WITH GAY BEASTS.

IT MAY BE A PAIN, BUT I CAN'T REST UNTIL THIS COCKSUCKER'S DEAD.

ALL RIGHT, FINE WITH ME!!

YEAH!!

WE'LL SETTLE THINGS AFTER THAT.

GOT IT, VICTOR?

DON'T LET HIM GO.

HIT HIM, ALEX!!

I KNOW, SHUT UP!!

HEY, DAMN IT...

WHERE'D HE GO!!

TCH, I MISSED

But it'll at least be a pretty show.

You won't even graze me.

However,

It's all just fireworks if it doesn't hit.

Quite the destructive ability.

!!

SH.

!!

!

ALEX!!

WHOAA.

THIS'LL BE OVER SOON.

DON'T WORRY, ALEX.

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT THAT NOW!?

DO SOME-THING !!

THIS IS YOUR FAULT.

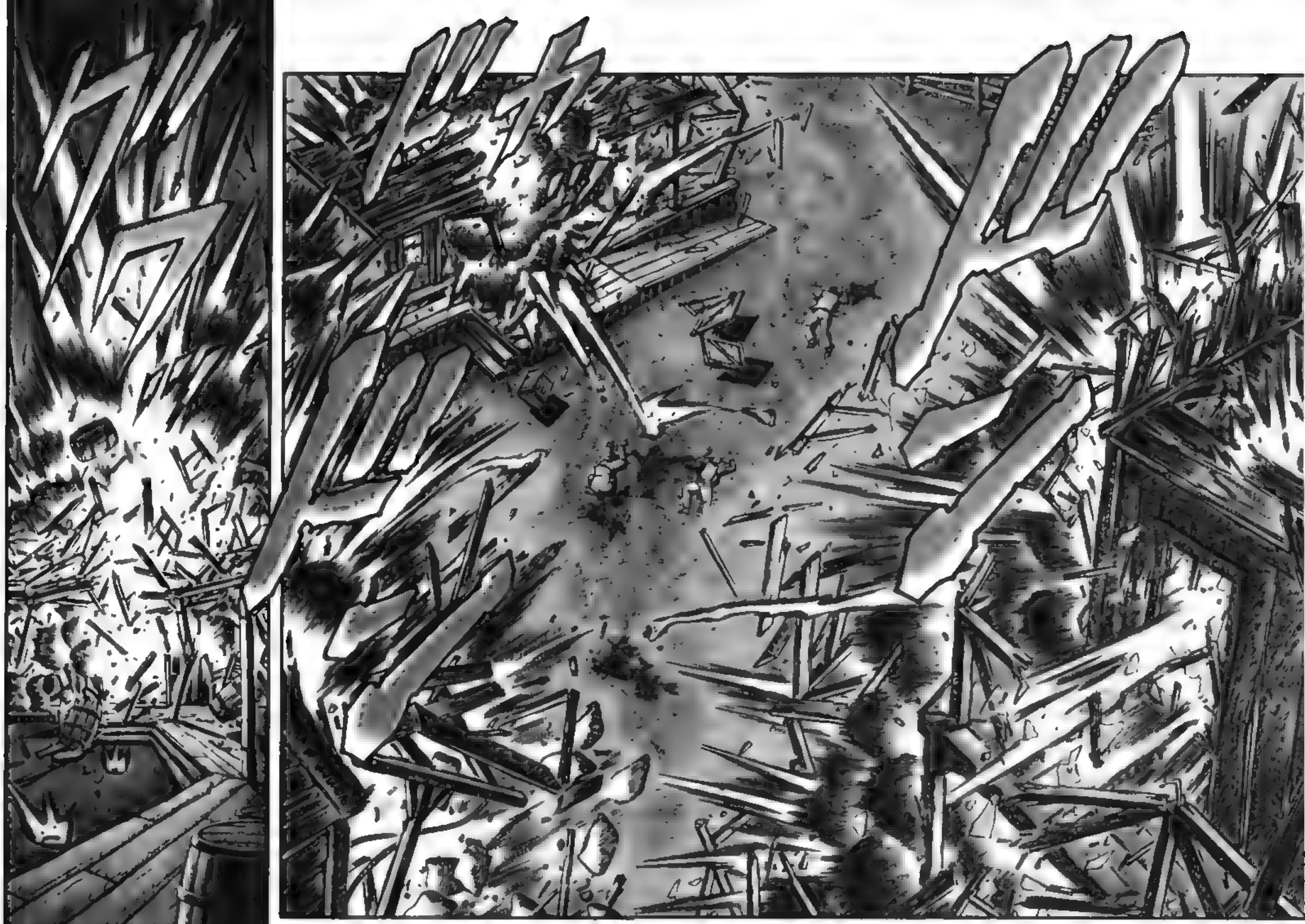
THE BASTARD'S JUST TRYING TO TIRE US OUT.

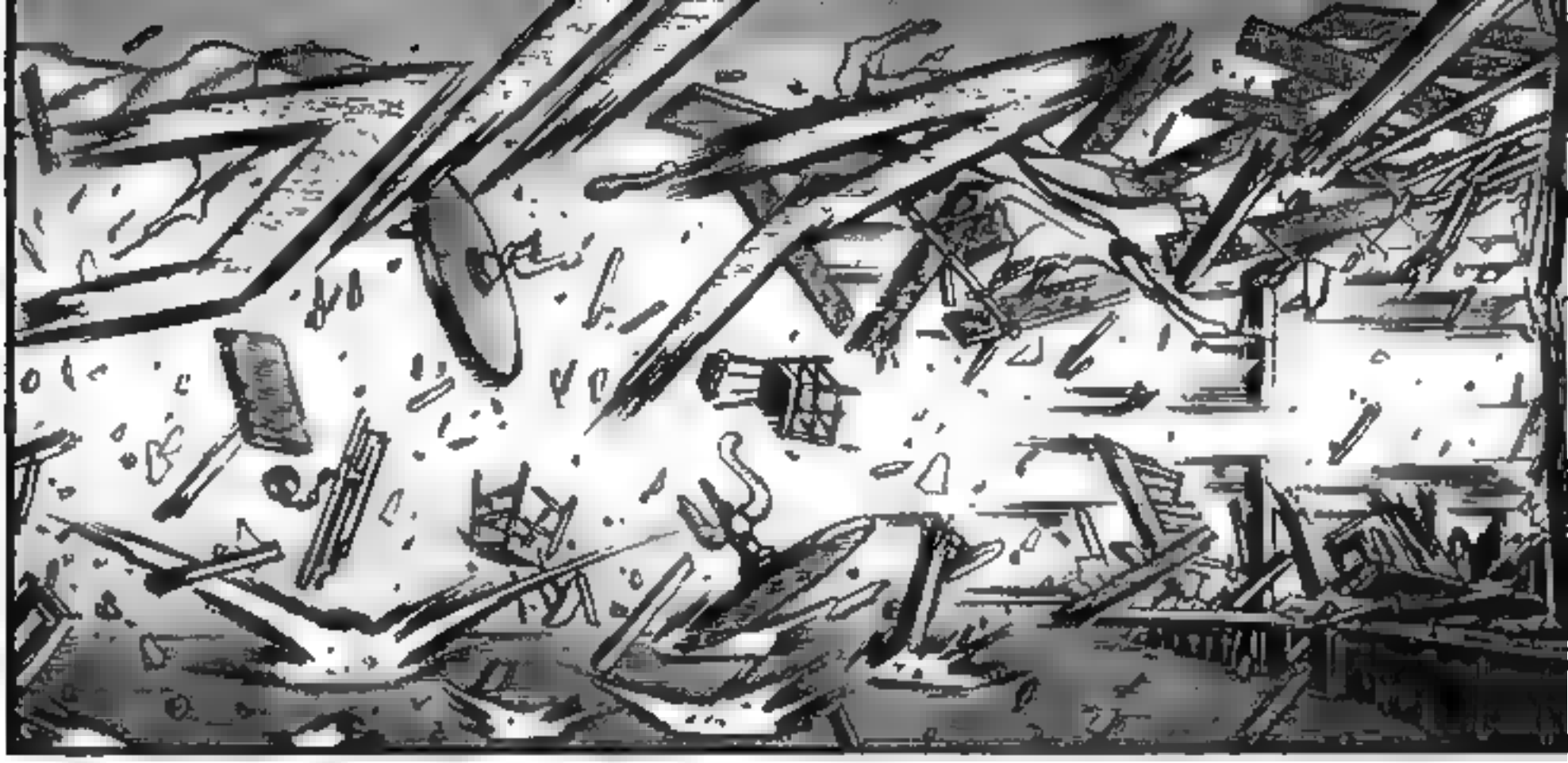
WHAT!?

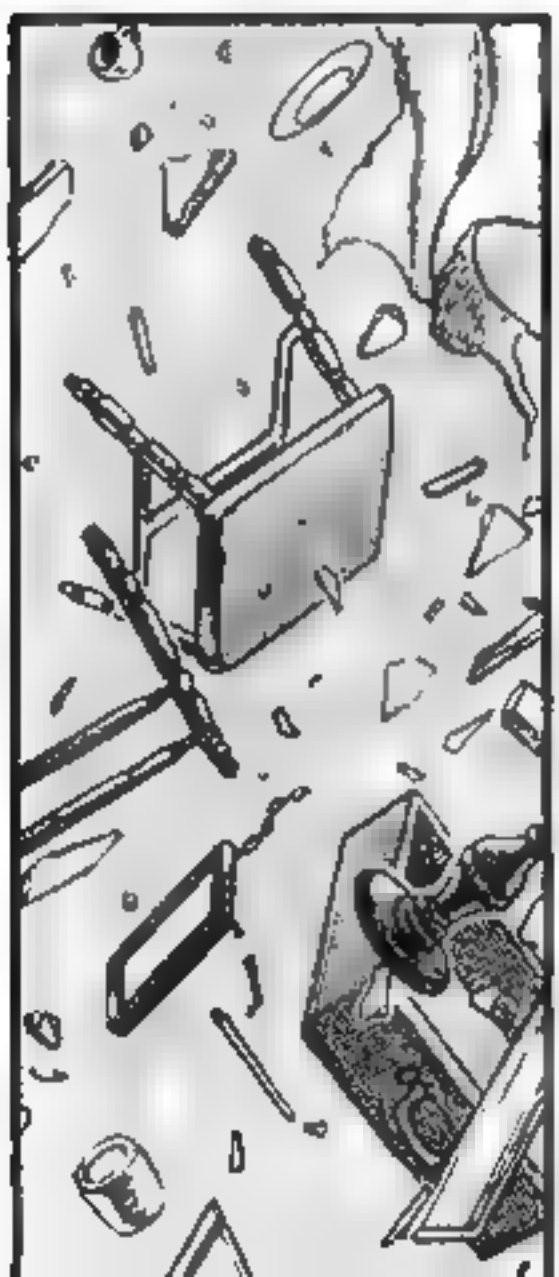
YOU SHOULD COVER YOUR EARS.

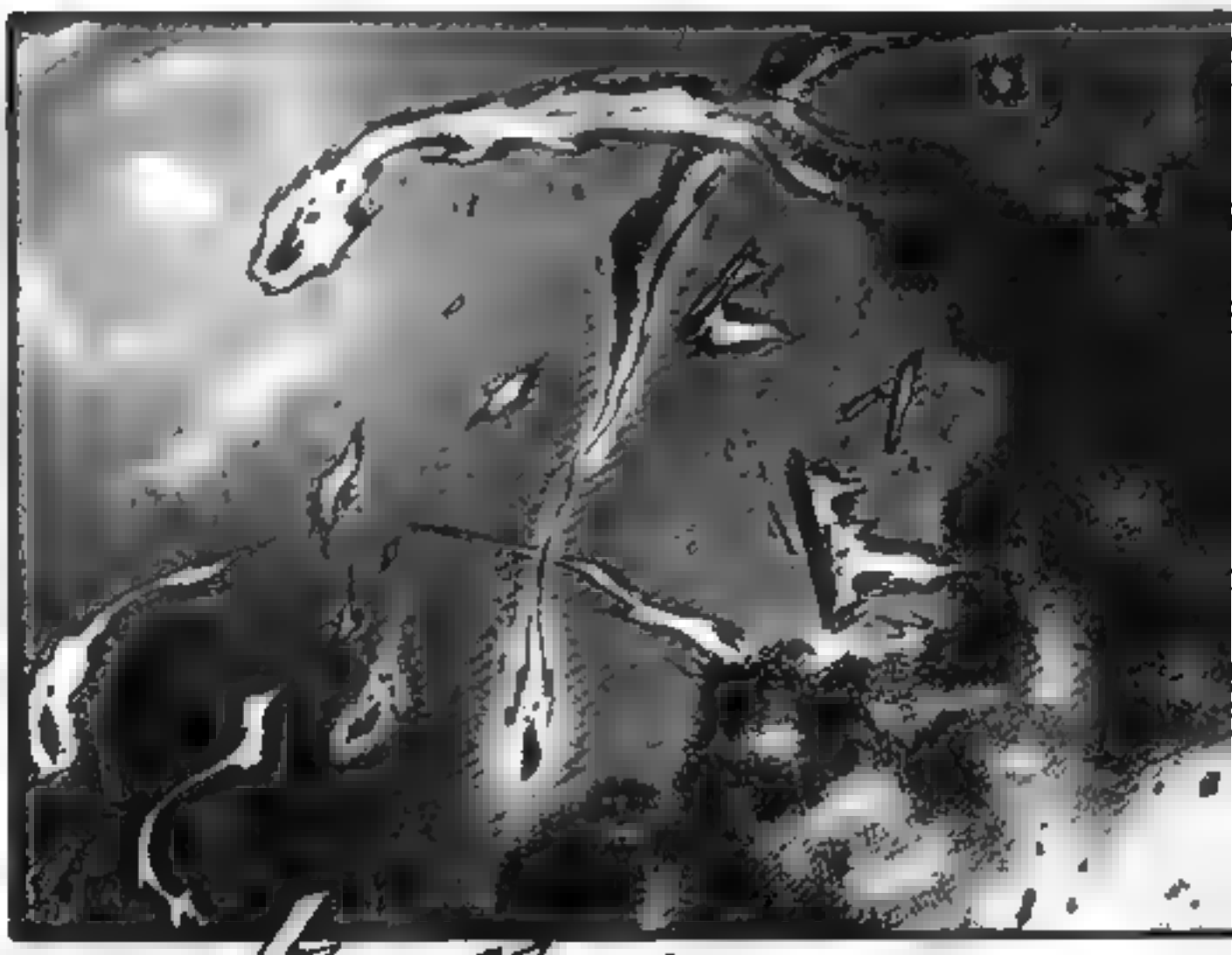
-EPISODE THREE- HUNTING YOUR, CHIS THE END-

EPISODE THREE: HUNTING TOUR, CH14









What!?

What's happening!?

THE HELL DID YOU DO!?

HEY, VICTOR.

I SET BOMBS THROUGH-OUT THE TOWN.

YOU SAW IT.

AHHHHH...

I COULD JUST CRY, ASSHOLE!!

TELL ME SOONER THEN, YOU IDIOT!!!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT "YOU SAW IT" SHIT...

CRY THEN.

SOUNDS FUN.

THEY'RE THE ONES WHO DESTROYED THE BLACK TOWN.

AFTER I WAS DONE WITH THE PUNKS

SO I'D ALREADY PLANNED TO BLAST THEIRS.

I GATHERED ALL THE STORE'S SAVED UP GUNPOWDER INTO ONE PLACE AND SET THE TRAP.

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THAT.

THAT AND YOU'RE A CLOSET PERVERT

IT'S USUALLY THE QUIET ONES

WHO DO THINGS SO RIDICU-LOUSLY.

YOU BLEW EVERYTHING UP...

... DAMN, WELL DONE.

QUIT LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT

D-

DON'T GLARE AT ME.

YOU PISSED?

HIS FORTRESS OF BLOOD MADE FROM SACRIFICING HIS MEN IS BURIED UNDER THE RUBBLE.

IT'S LIKE HE'S IN A PRISON CELL NOW.

WE HAVEN'T KILLED THAT BASTARD YET.

MORE IMPOR-TANTLY, WHAT NEXT?

HIS ABILITY WILL WORK AGAINST HIM, AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE AROUND.

I DON'T THINK HE BIT THE BULLET GETTING SQUASHED UNDER THAT RUBBLE.

THIS IS THEIR BLOOD.

NOW IT'S OUR TURN.

!?

I SEEEE.

HEH...

IF WE MAKE AN EXIT, HE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH IT.

WE'VE ONLY GOT THIS ONE CHANCE!!

THAT'S WHY HE'LL MAKE HIS MOVE.

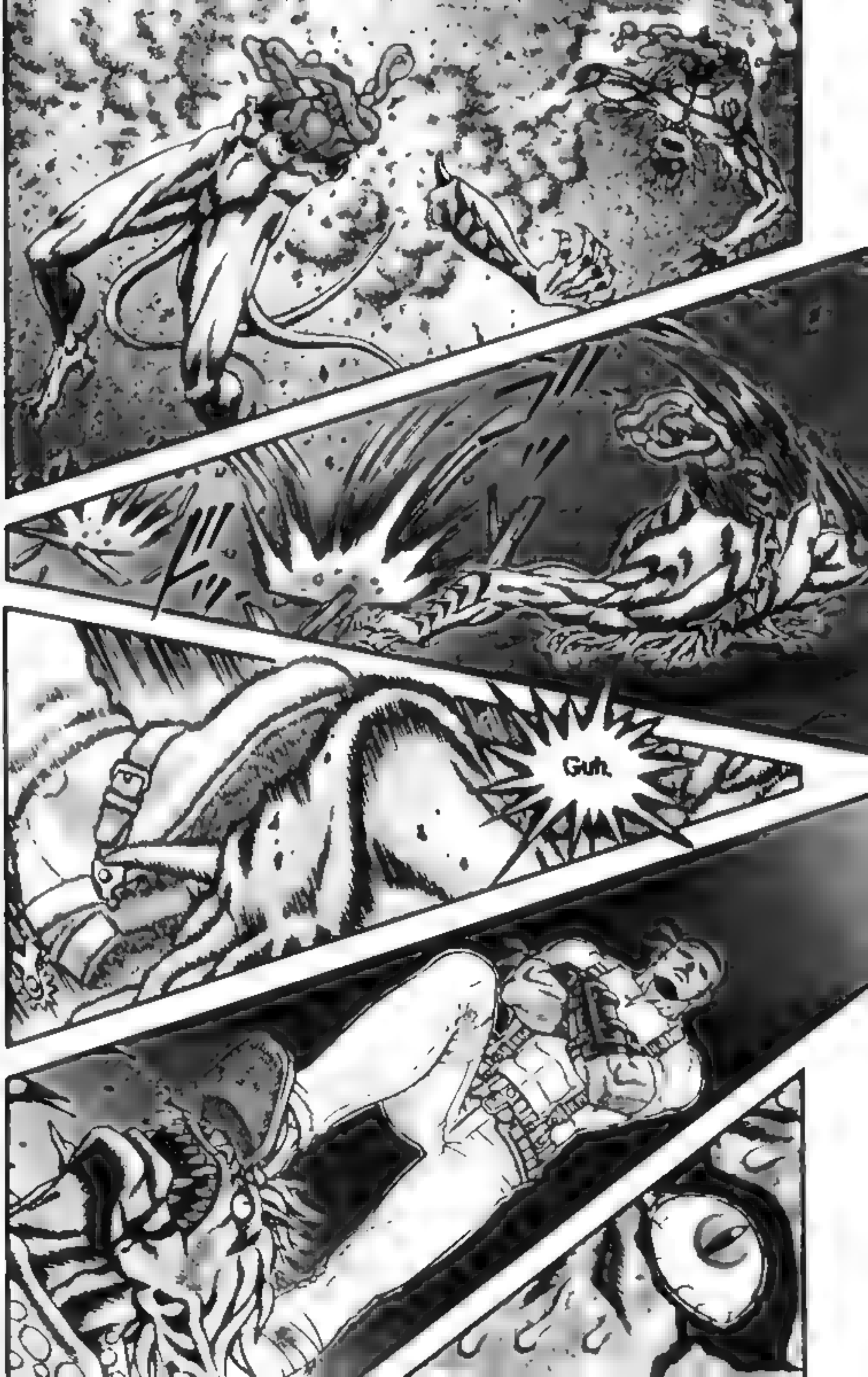
THE GROUND'S GONNA BE A SEA OF FLAMES AROUND US SOON.

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS ICE FISHING SHIT.

HE'S GOING TO YOU!!

ALL RIGHT!!

FLY,
COCKSUCKER!!!


Guh.

CAN YOU LOSE YOUR OWN BLOOD

TO RUN AWAY NOW!?

YOUR TOWN'S BEEN BLOWN TO BITS.

HIDE AND SEEK'S OVER.

I TOLD YOU.

I CAN'T STAND

YOUR EXISTENCE

FOR LONGER THAN A MINUTE...

YOU DAMNED WEAK COCKSUCKER.

GO BACK TO HELL.

DEATH

DO WE DO IT HERE?

WE PROMISED TO FINISH THIS NOW, DIDN'T WE?

I'LL GIVE THE PURGE MISSION TO SOMEONE ELSE.

I'M REALLY ONLY INTERESTED IN HUNTING BEASTS ANYWAY.

I QUIT, I QUIT.

I'M BORED WITH IT NOW.

I THOUGHT SOLDIERS DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE.

HEH..

YOU SURE?

BAH...

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THAT FROM YOU!!

AMAZING...

YOU KNOW, BLOWING UP A WHOLE TOWN

ISN'T IN THE ORGANIZA-TION'S STRATEGY BOOKS.

RIGHT? HEY...

YOU'LL BE A LOT MORE WELL KNOWN AFTER THIS.

...
...
...

THE NEXT ASSASSINS THAT COME AFTER YOU WILL BE STRONGER.

STONGER THAN I AM.

BETTER PREPARE YOURSELF.

FOR AN ANGER THAT CAN'T BE CURED...

YOU PLAN TO KEEP ON KILLING THE BEASTS FOR YOUR REVENGE?

... SAY, VICTOR.

I DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT ANY OF THAT.

THAT, AND I DON'T LOVE THE ORGANIZATION'S IDEALS...

I ONLY HAD MY ARM PLUCKED OFF BY THE BEASTS.

FOR ME,

I'M NOT CLINGING TO MISSIONS BECALSE OF A GRUDGE.

AND THOSE THRILLS

ARE A POOR MAN'S DRUG.

I GET A TASTE OF THE GREATEST THRILLS.

AS LONG AS I'M WITH THEM,

I'M TAINTED BY THE THRILLS.

BUT I JUST CAN'T STOP.

MOST PEOPLE SHOULD GET TIRED OF IT AFTER A WHILE,

IN THIS LINE OF WORK, YOU TEND

MY ONLY WAY OUT IS TO EAT A BULLET.

TO COME ACROSS MANY UNBEARABLE THINGS.

HEH...

DON'T THINK I'M LIKE YOU, THAT IT?

ARE YOU ANY DIFFERENT?

VICTOR.

I DON'T CARE.

DO WHAT YOU WANT.

NO NEED FOR AN EXCUSE.

I HAVE NO REGRETS.

THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU TO SAY THAT, ALEX.

FUN! HUH

I HAD SOME FUN

ON THIS HUNT.

LIVE A LONG LIFE WITH YOUR FUTILE STRUGGLE!

FAREWELL, VICTOR.

AND TO THOSE LIVES LOST,

THE ORGANIZATION'S GREAT IDEALS WILL OFFER NO COMFORT...

WHETHER THE BEAST'S EXISTENCE IS PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE OR NOT,

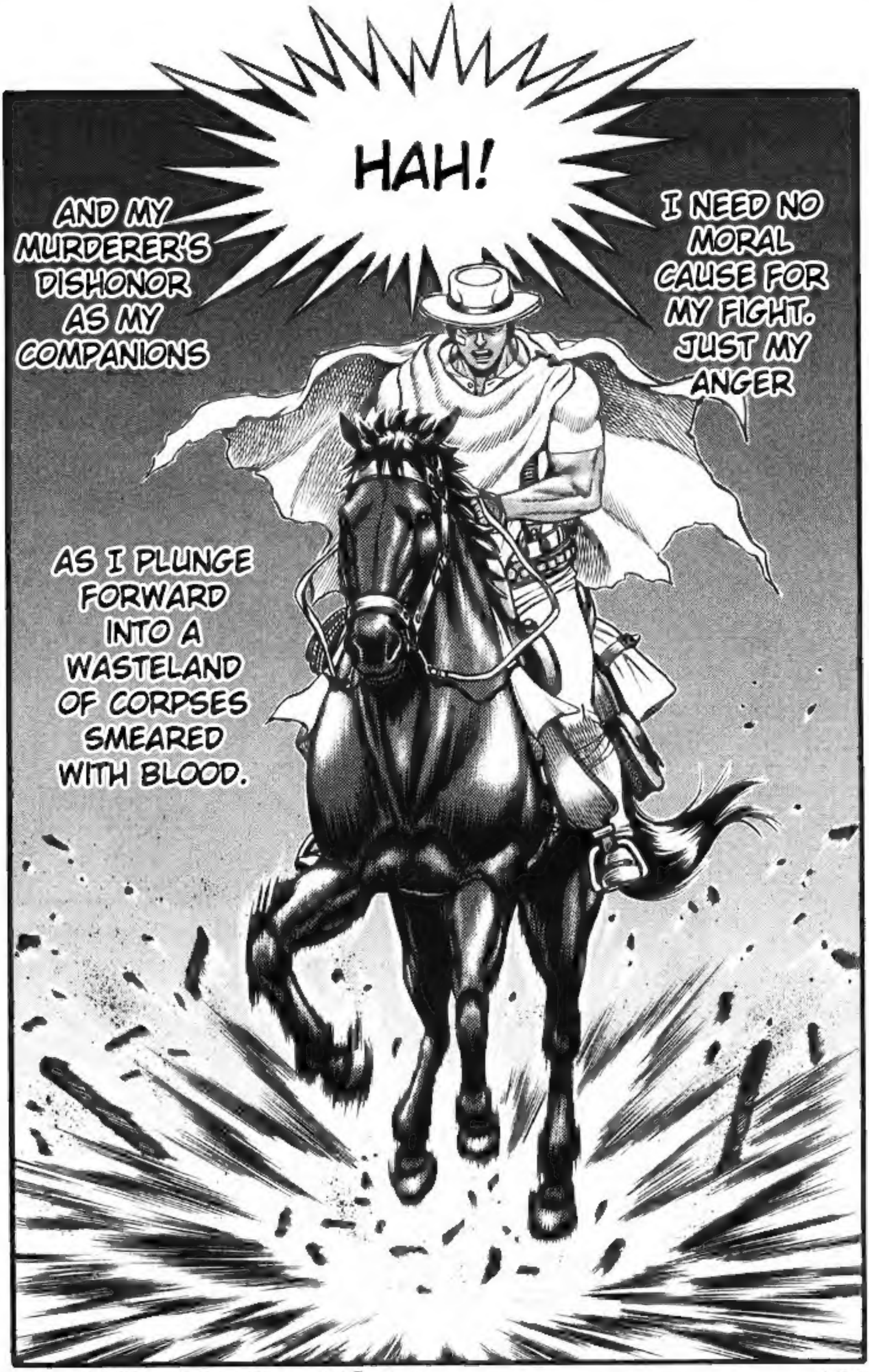
THERE WILL STILL BE MANY VICTIMS.

NO MATTER HOW SUPREME THE IDEAS THEY BOAST,

THEY'RE JUST BUTCHERS.

ONLY YOU COULD FIND HAPPINESS, AND A PURPOSE IN YOUR LIFE.

ON A MISSION FOR A SAVAGE ORGANIZATION,


HAH!
AND MY MURDERER'S DISHONOR AS MY COMPANIONS
I NEED NO MORAL CAUSE FOR MY FIGHT. JUST MY ANGER
AS I PLUNGE FORWARD INTO A WASTELAND OF CORPSES SMEARED WITH BLOOD.

BLASTER KNUCKLE THE END.

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JETS COMICS

TRANSLATION:
ZINDRYR
TYPESETTING:
NETADPTR0719
CLEANING:
NETADPTR0719

TAKE YOURSELF BACK TO THE 1880S WHERE THE KKK IS THRIVING AND THE AFRICAN AMERICAN COMMUNITY LIVES IN FEAR. THE AFRICAN AMERICANS DON'T FEAR THE KKK SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY BEAT, RAPE, AND KILL THEM. NO. THEY FEAR THE KKK BECAUSE THE KKK EATS THEM. THEY ARE THE APTLY NAMED MAN-EATERS, A KIND OF MIX BETWEEN WEREWOLVES AND VAMPIRES. THEY CONSUME HUMAN FLESH, CAN SHAPESHIFT INTO VARIOUS FORMS, AND ARE PRACTICALLY IMMORTAL. ONLY ONE MAN, AN EX-HEAVYWEIGHT BOXER NAMED VICTOR FREEMAN, DARES TO STAND UP TO THEM. EQUIPPED WITH A SMALL ARSENAL AND A SET OF MODIFIED BRASS KNUCKLES, CAN OUR HERO DEFEND HIS PEOPLE AND AVENGE HIS PAST?

WELL, HERE WE ARE. THE LAST VOLUME OF BLASTER KNUCKLE. IT MAKES ME SAD, IN A WAY, TO THINK THAT THIS AMAZING SERIES FULL OF FACE PUNCHING, BLACK PEOPLE, THE KKK, AND CANNIBALS WOULD ONLY RUN FOR THREE VOLUMES. IF I HAD ACCESS TO WAZARAI SHIZUYA I'D TELL HIM ABOUT ALL OF HIS AMERICAN FANS (LOL TINY NICHE MARKET) AND ASK HIM TO CONTINUE THIS AMAZING SERIES. HELL, I'LL PROBABLY WRITE HIM AND TELL HIM HOW MUCH I (AND SUBSEQUENTLY MOST OF YOU GUYS) ENJOYED IT ANYWAY.

ANYWAY, STORY TIME. I THOUGHT THAT TODAY WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO TELL THE STORY OF MY GREAT-...-GREAT UNCLE KIMOSABI WATANABE'S DEATH TO BRING A LEVEL OF CLOSURE TO HIS STORY AS WE FINISH WITH BLASTER KNUCKLE.

BLASTER KNUCKLE IS FICTIONAL, OR SO MOST OF YOU THINK. MY GREAT-...-GREAT UNCLE KIMOSABI WOULD DISAGREE WITH YOU. YOU SEE, KIMOSABI WAS A WELL-KNOWN GUN ENTHUSIAST, AS I MENTIONED BEFORE. THIS ALWAYS BROUGHT THE WRONG KIND OF ATTENTION AS PEOPLE ALWAYS WANTED TO RAID HIS ARMORY, OR MORE FREQUENTLY HIRE HIS SERVICES. YOU SEE, KIMOSABI WAS ACTUALLY AN ASSASSIN. HOW DO YOU THINK HE BOUGHT ALL OF THOSE GUNS AND SLAVES?

NOW, KIMOSABI TOOK MANY JOBS (NO WOMEN, NO KIDS). HIS TRIP TO JAPAN WAS ACTUALLY TO ASSASSINATE SOME GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS WHILE HE WAS THERE. BUT ONE DAY A VERY ODD CUSTOMER CAME TO HIS DOOR AND SET FORTH A PROPOSITION FOR KIMOSABI THAT DIDN'T SOUND ON THE LEVEL. THE MAN WAS OBVIOUSLY GERMAN WITH HIS THICK ACCENT, ROTUND BELLY, AND RED FACE. HE WAS BALD BUT FOR WHISKS OF HAIR WRAPPING AROUND BEHIND HIS HEAD.

THE DEAL WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS. KIMOSABI WAS TO FIND AND REMOVE THIS FREEMAN THAT HE HAD TAUGHT THE WAY OF THE GUN AND RELEASED FROM BONDAGE. THE DEAL SOUNDED ROTTEN TO KIMOSABI. HE HADN'T TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THE FREEMANS AND HE HAD WARNED THEM NOT TO SPEAK OF ANYTHING, ESPECIALLY THE FACT THAT THEY KNEW HOW TO USE GUNS. THE GERMAN'S TEETH GLINTED SHARPLY IN THE LIGHT, SHARP BEING THE OPERATIVE WORD HERE. KIMOSABI ALSO SENSED THAT WHILE HE HAD BEEN SITTING THERE, ARMED MEN HAD ENTERED HIS HOUSE AND BLOCKED ALL THE EXITS TO THE ROOM SAVE THE BATHROOM.

KIMOSABI TOOK HIS LEAVE FOR A MOMENT TO STEAL OFF TO THE BATHROOM AND FORMULATE A PLAN OF ESCAPE. BUT THERE WAS ONE PROBLEM, HE HAD NO WEAPONS ON HIM. ALL HE HAD WAS THE SILVER SPOON THAT HE HAD BEEN BORN WITH. HE WAS TRAPPED, AND THE MAN WAS PROBABLY GOING TO TORTURE HIM FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE FREEMANS, AND LIKELY KILL HIM ONCE THE INFORMATION WAS KNOWN.

KIMOSABI TOOK THE ONE OPTION HE HAD LEFT. HE PULLED THE SPOON FROM HIS POCKET AND JABBED IT INTO HIS THROAT. HE USED THE SPOON TO DIG THROUGH THE FLESH AROUND HIS NECK LIKE A SAW, CAREFUL TO AVOID THE MAJOR ARTERIES SO THAT HE COULD COMPLETE HIS TASK. THE PAIN WAS EXCRUCIATING, BUT KIMOSABI WAS NO STRANGER TO PAIN. HE SAWED, AND HE SAWED, UNTIL THE ONLY THING CONNECTING HIS HEAD TO HIS BODY WERE THE BARE ESSENTIALS. BLOOD STILL GUSHED FROM HIS NECK AS HE FEEBLY REACHED UP TO COMPLETE HIS TASK, WRAPPING HIS HANDS AROUND HIS MUTILATED NECK, AND WITH ONE QUICK SNAP ROLLED HIS HEAD OFF OF HIS SHOULDERS INTO THE SINK.

HE WAS FOUND STILL STANDING LATER ON THAT EVENING BY THE TOWN'S SHERIFF AFTER HE'D HEARD COMPLAINTS OF ROBBERS IN THE AREA.

SO DIED MY GREAT-...-GREAT UNCLE KIMOSABI WATANABE. WITH THE END OF HIS STORY TOLD, WE ALSO NOW END CHINKARA SCANLATIONS.

OR DO WE?